



"Monitor Junior,"  
Cleaning, Attach-  
Tailings Elevator,  
without again com-  
new device for  
to the public has  
in undoubted  
s. Address

Manufacturers,  
BEND, IND.

DRILL

Corn Planter.

Grass Seeder.

arranted to sow easily,  
of the various kinds of

and, Wet or Dry.

having a Special  
Corn for the Crop

market can perform so  
Many thousands in use.

VE PAMPHLET to  
CLEVELAND, Ohio.

AGON

s' Favorite

of the best wood and  
together by the most  
Every one warranted to  
guarantee quality of ma-  
they are also noted for  
case of running.

is and Sleighs,

ARD,  
end, Indiana.

HER'S

Drill & Wheel Hoe,  
or SEPARATE.

any other seed in  
in use. The wheel  
on any other made.  
well as of its value and  
not get them for you  
only. Circulars free.  
L. S. MOORE, Holy

HEAD.

ES ROWER.

ely Successful Wire  
ver Invented.

any other Check Rower  
precedent sales of the  
well as of its value and  
not get them for you  
only. Circulars free.  
L. S. MOORE, Holy

as easy to handle as  
of the wire will not stretch  
GREAT WEAR AND  
does not cross the ma-  
chine.

Decatur, Ill.

Single Ring Ever In-  
that closes on the  
inside of the Nose.

AND  
Groove Hog & Pig Ringer  
shown on the outside of the  
the nose to keep it sore

ers, Decatur, Ill

Proprietor,

World. Nearly 600 of  
importations from France,  
for Catalogue.

PLEX INJECTOR.

Feeder Known.

Requires no  
under Pressure  
25 feet.

Injector is hot.  
et out of order

than any Inject-

and For Sale by

JENKS,

s of Machinery,  
St., DETROIT T.

AN

CEMENT.

ASH PRIZE  
Water Molasses grown free

# MICHIGAN FARMER

## AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1882.

PRICE, \$1.65 PER YEAR

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Editorial—Floricultural—Horticultural at Ben- ton Harbor—Marketing Grapes—The Palmetto Tree—Artificial Port Wine—Horticultural Notes..... 3	The breeding of sheep is a calling worthy of our best efforts, and if a great and gen- eral improvement is to be made, it must come through the union and labors of thinking breeders. Breeders do not give this subject sufficient thought to obtain the best results. They do not take inter- est enough in their business. If a man's heart is not in his business his pockets had better not be. We are among those who believe we shall make but slow progress in improvement until we have established a more uniform type in our flocks.
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Peary—Saving Mother—Our Homestead..... 6	We believe that to make the greatest advancement possible we should breed our Merinos in three different classes or types, separately. Namely: 1st. Silesian or Negretti, possessing short, fine wool, smaller in carcass and more angular in form. 2d. Heavy, or clothing wool, pro- ducing a dense, heavy fleece, from two to two and a half inches in length, possessing more or less wrinkles. Compared with the first they are larger and more compact in form. 3d. Delaine, or long wool, pro- ducing a fleece from three to three and a half inches in length; usually plainer, and in form partaking more of the mutton breeds. The first is now recognized as a distinct breed. We believe the two latter should be as distinctly bred as the first, as they possess nothing in common with each other.
McDonough—Blake's Widow—O'Brien's Wed- ding—The Ultra Style of Hotel Clerk—Clever Auditor Resorted to by Parisian Thieves—A French Detective—An Accident All Around..... 7	If the delaine type suits best, select such animals as are best adapted to that pur- pose. Continue to breed with that fixed object in view until each member of the flock represents the type. So long as in- dividuals are produced that are not rep- resentatives of the type desired, they can not be relied upon to produce the object sought. If this course should be carried out in each of the different classes until each become an established breed, then, and not until then, can animals be drawn from other sources without the dangers now attending such ventures.
Deacon Day and the Highway Cow—Wiles of Salesmen—Fox-Hunting in England—Going to a Church Fair—Varieties—Cats..... 7	Taking in new blood from the different flocks of the same fixed type would not constitute an out cross, while a cross be- tween the different types would be similar in effect to crossing with the Cotswold, though less severe.
Reverend—A Question Answered—A Difference of Opinion—What Shall I Do?—Useful Re- cipes..... 7	Animals of all kinds in the state of nature have a fixedness of type not seen in domestication. When the hand of man interferes, upsetting for his convenience the unprofitable wild type, it is then that uncertainty sets in, and like does not pro- duce like. This is just where the great mass of breeders are to-day. If this be so, then let us get back to a type, not the old one, but make selections from the latest improvements and establish one from those.
City Items..... 8	It may be asked why do not our flocks produce more animals equal to our best specimens? We would ask what law in nature would support such a theory. Ani- mals naturally breed back to the sources from which they sprang, for that is really what they are composed of. Our best specimens are not backed up by ani- mals equal to themselves. A ram bought here and another bought there are con- stantly introducing strange blood and varying the character in each generation; thus all stability of character is lost, and reversions are of frequent occurrence. So long as the mass of breeders persist in pouring oil and water together, expecting them to unite, no general improvement may be looked for. If a cross be made not strong enough to assert itself, the law of nature sets in and carries them back to some more or less remote ancestors.
Commercial..... 8	The improvements that have been made since the introduction of the Merino to this country have been limited to a few great breeders. The greatest names in our Merino history are those of men who made this subject a life study. No man ever owned a sheep who was more radical in his views than Edward Hammond. He believed his own sheep the best. He pos- sessed an innate strength of character which enabled him to build up a flock which, like himself, was endowed with a distinct uni- form individuality of its own.

### Agricultural.

#### WHITE RUSSIAN OATS.

St. Louis, Mich., March 6th, 1882.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you kindly inform me if the sam-  
ples of the "Russian White Oats" sent  
out for free distribution by the Department  
of Agriculture, are a fair representation of  
the quality. If so, I do not want to sow  
any. I had intended purchasing some for  
seed. The sample I received is of very in-  
ferior quality, small size, very dark color,  
some black. I shall await a reply with in-  
terest, as I would like to give it a fair trial.

L. S. MOORE, Holy

The above description is by no means a  
true description of the White Russian  
Oats, although there are some characteris-  
tics of the variety which would lead a  
superficial observer or one who had but a  
small sample to judge from, to think that it  
was. 1st. As to color, the White Russian  
are what would be classed in the most  
critical market a white oat, yet each berry  
is not clear white but has a yellowish cast,  
and in an occasional instance this is dark-  
ened to nearly a chocolate color. 2nd.  
As to size and form, the remarkable pro-  
ductiveness of this variety comes in part  
from the fact that in it the end of each  
little stem usually forms a perfect oat,  
while in other varieties it generally, and  
in these of the White Schenck class in-  
variably fails to develop. This extra end  
although perfect, is smaller than the second  
and third, and so the sample is not so uni-  
form in size as in many other sorts.

For the past 30 years much attention has  
been given to the improvement of the oat, and  
many new varieties have been introduced.  
In most of these the object aimed at, or at  
least the result obtained, has been a very  
full, plump berry, generally of a very  
clear, white color, and weighing very  
heavy to the measured bushel, but this re-  
sult has been obtained at the expense  
of a thickened husk and diminished  
vigor, hardiness and productiveness of  
plant. In the White Russian we have  
the advent of a new sort, less attractive in  
appearance of sample, but thin husked, so  
that where introduced they are eagerly  
sought after for feeding purposes, and of  
increased vigor, hardiness and production  
of plant. That this last claim is true is,  
we think, shown by the following facts:

Last fall D. M. Ferry & Co. sent circulars  
to each of their retail purchasers of this  
variety, asking that they would report just  
how the sort did with them as compared  
with other varieties. Of the first 759 of  
those who reported, 513 reported they did  
better than other sorts, their reports  
making them average 66 per cent better  
than the variety with which they were  
compared; 145 gave no comparison, or re-  
ported the yield a failure on account of  
destruction by cattle, etc.; 83 report no  
increased yield; 9 report a less yield, the  
reports averaging 20 per cent less than  
other sorts. The importance of these re-  
ports may be seen by comparing them with  
similar reports made of the success with  
the Washington oats, a variety which, on  
the trial farm of the *Rural New Yorker*,  
did better than the White Russian, and  
small samples of which were sent to its  
subscribers. More than 50 per cent of  
their reports are of failure or inferior re-  
turns to those from the common sorts. A  
word as to the purity of this variety. There  
has been grown for some years in Can-  
ada a similar variety or an inferior  
stock of the same, and this stock has, by  
some seedsmen, been sold for White Rus-  
sian. Even this we think superior to the  
common oat, but it is certainly much in-  
ferior to the White Russian oats as sent  
out by D. M. Ferry and some of the other  
American seedsmen. So we would caution  
any one who tries this variety (and every  
farmer should do so) to be sure they get  
the best stock.

An idea of the amount of paper con-  
sumed by newspapers in the United  
States in a year, is shown by the cen-  
sus statistics, which, in exact figures,  
show 9,983 tons.

### MERINOS.

How Shall we Breed Them so as to Ob-  
tain the Greatest General Improve-  
ment.

BY PETER MARTIN, OF RUSH, N. Y.

The breeding of sheep is a calling worthy  
of our best efforts, and if a great and gen-  
eral improvement is to be made, it must  
come through the union and labors of  
thinking breeders. Breeders do not give  
this subject sufficient thought to obtain  
the best results. They do not take inter-  
est enough in their business. If a man's  
heart is not in his business his pockets had  
better not be. We are among those who  
believe we shall make but slow progress in  
improvement until we have established a  
more uniform type in our flocks.

In looking over the flocks of our  
country, how few do we see that have anything  
like a fixed standard of uniformity. Have  
we made advancement in this direction  
since the days of Edward Hammond?  
We well remember the even, uniform ap-  
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now attending such ventures.

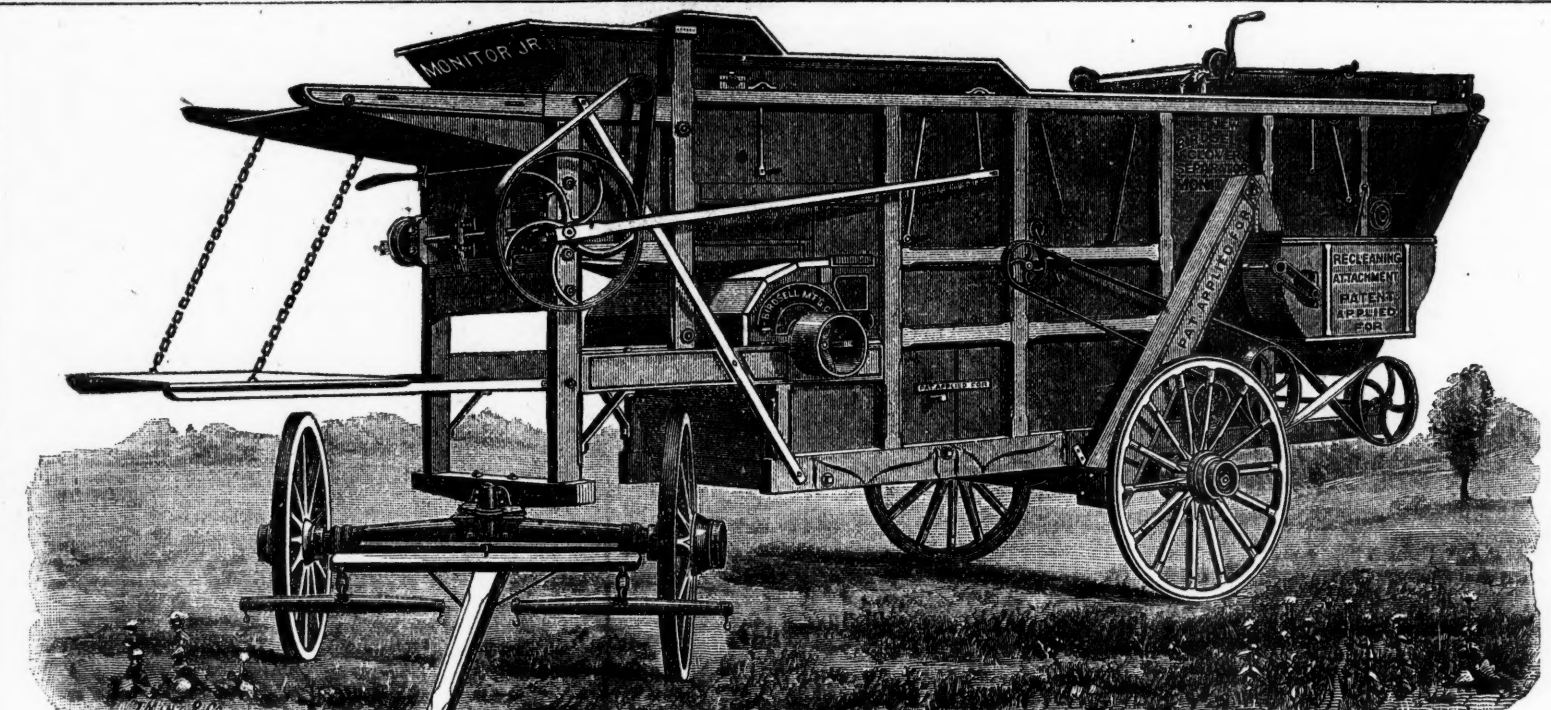
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believed his own sheep the best. He pos-  
sessed an innate strength of character which  
enabled him to build up a flock which, like  
himself, was endowed with a distinct uni-  
form individuality of its own.

To make any family or line of blood  
popular above others it must possess su-  
perior merit. The strong, in-bred uni-  
formity of the Hammond flock is what  
gave him the great reputation which he so  
justly deserved. It is a well authenticated  
fact that sheep of his breeding were pre-  
sented wherever introduced. When Old  
Sweepstakes was awarded the prize from  
which he derived his name, two of a com-



The "New" Birdsell Clover Separator, Monitor Jr., Manufactured by the Birdsell Manufacturing Co., South Bend, Ind.

Livingston County Heard From.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Inclosed find my sale of sheep (with  
prices attached), from Feb. 8th, 1881, to  
Feb. 8th, 1882. Some sales included in  
this report have been reported before, but  
in order that a full statement might be  
given of a year's work some are here re-  
ported. The next year's report will date  
from Feb. 8th, 1882. [These sales will be  
found under the head of stock notes. Ed.]

One of your correspondents from  
Genesee County, gives credit to the *FARMER*  
for a good deal of space devoted to the  
interests of said county, which is true,  
and we all rejoice in Old Genesee's pros-  
perity, but prosperous as she is and en-  
thusiastic as her farmers may be, Living-  
ston County does not propose to be out-  
done in the good work unless she is com-  
pelled to. That your readers may know  
somewhat of the sheep trade in this  
county, this report is sent; and this is  
only one among the many in this county  
that might be sent, for large sales of  
thoroughbred sheep have been made by  
E. J. & E. W. Hardy, E. Kellogg, W. G.  
Smith, of Oceola; E. A. Hubbell, of Hart-  
land; R. T. Ross, of Brighton; Henry  
Doane, of Green Oak, and others. Taking  
all in all, we think Livingston stands ahead  
of Genesee in the number and amount of  
her sales. Our sheep are not pure At-  
woods.

I would not mention the term "At-  
wood," but for the fact that our Genesee  
friends make a specialty of mentioning  
"Atwoods" or "pure Atwoods," whenever  
they buy or sell any of the so-called  
family. Whether any such family exists,  
or whether if existing any more value is  
attached to it, the prices obtained, the  
number of sheep sold of the so-called  
family, as compared with the admitted  
mixed breed sheep, (composed of Pauls,  
Atwoods or Hammond's or Humphrey's  
or Infants), must decide the question.  
By forbearance in allowing the "Atwood"  
sheep to be continually mentioned, with-  
out an occasional remonstrance on the  
part of the interested in the mixed breed  
sheep, a kind of tacit consent and acquies-  
cence is given to the idea that they believe  
in the purity of what are now called At-  
woods. Hence this demur. I hope some  
of the friends of the Atwoods will answer  
C. M. Fellows' questions in this week's  
*FARMER*, viz, What are Atwoods, etc.  
I make no war on any class of sheep, but  
propose to stand by the class of sheep I  
breed and handle, namely mixed, Pauls,  
etc. There is plenty of room for all, and  
"in unity is strength."

WILLIAM BALL.

Mr. George W. White, of Eltingville,  
Staten Island, has been experimenting with  
ensilage as a feed for his cows, from  
which it will be seen that there are two  
sides to this question of its worth, as to all  
others. Whether ensilage fodder will  
prove a valuable addition to the food of  
dairy stock is yet an open question. In  
the case of fattening cattle there is no  
doubt but that it can be made available,  
especially in the older States, but we should  
be very cautious about feeding it regular-  
ly to either breeding or milking stock. It  
is a fermented food, and what its effects  
may be upon the secretion of milk is yet  
to be determined. Here is what Mr.  
White says in a letter to an eastern con-  
temporary:

"I would like to thank you, if that will  
express it, for the position you take on  
the subject of ensilage. Not for myself  
so much (because I have learned by dear  
experience) as for others who may be saved  
the cost of building so worthless a thing  
as a silo. It seems strange to me my ex-  
perience is the reverse of all I can glean

from all agricultural reports. I took hold  
of the subject with great expectations,  
built my silos of boards above ground,  
and when my corn was in condition I had  
it cut in the most approved manner  
and packed away. I never put away so  
much in so little space before, and never  
expected to again. I opened the silo Nov.  
1, 1881; it contained about 400 tons. I  
found its condition to be as good as any I  
ever saw and was happy. I had seen en-  
silage from most of the leading pits in the  
country, so I considered myself a judge  
of its condition. The day we opened it  
I commenced feeding; my cows took hold  
of it with a relish; so they do now, after  
feeding on it for four months, with the  
addition of 3 quarts meal, 6 quarts bran and  
one-half quart oil meal per cow a day. Now  
then, for the result. My cows have not  
given the same flow of milk and have not  
gained in flesh; nor do they look bright  
and clear as they did last winter fed on  
corn, cut and cured in the field, drawn to  
the barn, run through a cutter and dressed  
with same proportions as this winter—  
meal and wheat bran. A fatter, brighter,  
cleaner lot of cows could not be found than  
I had last spring. This winter, I am sorry  
to say, it is the reverse. What's the cause?  
I say ensilage. A few days back my cows  
were doing poorly and looking as though  
they would like to tell me that if I had  
some sweeter food they would do better.  
I ordered the food changed to ensilage for  
breakfast, barley grains for dinner, cured  
corn-stalks for supper, with one quart of  
meal and two quarts bran intermixed at  
each meal, and to-day 40 cows show an  
increase of 60 quarts of milk against one  
week ago. Why is it? Last winter I had  
no thought on the subject. They milked  
well, looked sleek and became fat.  
Butchers sought them. The butchers don't  
trouble me now. I did not change the  
cows' feed. They consumed all I gave  
them and seemed satisfied. It is not so  
this winter; they seem to long for some-  
thing else. Hay I have now only for my  
horses, and let me say here, by way of an  
experiment on feeding ensilage to horses, I  
bought a mare for a few dollars, eight  
years old. Her only trouble was wind  
founder. I had her fed ensilage; she held  
her own for six weeks, and died with a  
throat disease. I can't say ensilage killed  
her, but know that my other horses are all  
in fine condition and did not take the  
malignant diphtheria. I do not write my  
experience to get before the public, but  
am anxious you should know; your  
advice to the farmers is like gold to them.  
They should be cautious how they spend  
their money building silos before finding  
its true worth. My place is of easy access  
from New York. My barn contains every  
improvement modern ingenuity has de-  
vised, even the silo. Every one is wel-  
come. I can show as good ensilage as  
there is in the country and as poor stock."

WILLIAM BALL.

Don't Like Ensilage.

Mr. Editor and Mr. Subscriber of Super-  
ior.—We like to read your arguments and  
also your experience in sheep raising; but  
we would like also writers to give their  
names and show their true colors; tell us  
who they are, that we may profit in the  
future, and that their unlucky loss may be  
others' gain. They should tell us from  
whom they bought such useless goods. If  
we were going to make a guess who Mr.  
Superior is, we should guess him to be the  
man who six years ago bought a flock of  
twenty-five grade Shropshire Down ewes  
and kept them three years, as he states to  
you, and made an annual profit from them  
of five dollars per head—lambs and wool;  
he then sold the same flock of ewes, at or  
near the same time of year, to us for mar-  
ket purposes, for fifty cents per head more  
than he gave for them three years be-  
fore. He then bought, as he states to  
you, more than double the amount or num-  
ber of fine wool ewes, and managed to  
raise one lamb from three ewes, against

Middle Woolled Sheep.

Ypsilanti, March 8, 1882.

Mr. Editor and Mr. Subscriber of Super-  
ior.—We like to read your arguments and  
also your experience in sheep raising; but  
we would like also writers to give their  
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ber of fine wool ewes, and managed to  
raise one lamb from three ewes, against

which would be a net profit of \$50 25 per  
acre. How is that? I had heard it said  
that a four could be made from the seed  
that would make good griddle cakes, and  
as an experiment, had two bushels of seed  
ground, and as "the proof of the pudding  
is the eating of it," I will say it is most ex-  
cellent—far superior to buckwheat. I  
think it does not make quite as much flour  
as buckwheat; but it is heartier and will  
go far. It may not produce so much  
friction, which is a great luxury. I cannot  
say as to that.

EMORY CROSBY.

We have received three different com-  
munications the past week, no one of  
which contain the name of the sender.  
Two of these apply for advice through the  
veterinary columns and sign their letters  
"Subscriber." How are we to know  
whether or not they are subscribers and  
entitled to a reply? We must have the  
proper names of parties before we can  
take any notice of communications.

The illustration on this page is a correct  
representation of the New Birdsell Clover  
Separator, the "Monitor Jr." As it stands,  
it is the result of over twenty years of ex-  
perience in the manufacture of clover hul-  
lers, and is designed to meet in the fullest  
manner the requisites of such a machine.  
When hulled by the Monitor Jr. the clo-  
ver seed comes out ready for market.  
This is accomplished by a re-cleaning at-  
tachment, whereby the clean seed is deliv-  
ered in one bag, while the light and foul  
seed falls into another. This does away  
with the work of re-cleaning the seed by  
the fanning mill, which has heretofore  
been a necessity where farmers wanted  
good clean seed. Threshermen will  
appreciate the great advantages of a ma-  
chine that will do this work well and thor-  
oughly. In the Monitor Jr., the tallings  
are all carried up at the rear of the machine  
instead of the front, and by means of a  
shaking floor are discharged directly into  
the hulling cylinder. In the old machines  
the tallings are thrown into the straw, and  
to greater or less extent the seed returned  
would be carried over into the straw. An-  
other improvement in the Monitor is  
changing the old fashioned upward feed-  
ing cylinder to the downward feed, such  
as is used in the wheat threshers, with  
the concave below instead of above. The  
new close folding stacker is another im-  
portant device that has been applied to  
this machine, rendering it the most com-  
plete of all the machines offered for  
threshing, hulling, separating and cleaning  
clover seed. The Monitor Jr. is manu-  
factured by a firm of established reputa-  
tion who have made clover hullers a spe-  
cialty, and the reputation of this machine  
shows that it has merits of the most prac-  
tical order. The Monitor Jr. is put to-  
gether in the very best manner, the lum-  
ber used in its construction being specially  
cut and prepared for the purpose, and is  
warranted to be the very best quality.

The importance of this machine in a  
State like Michigan, where every farmer  
grows more or less clover, need not be re-  
ferred to, as our readers are generally fully  
alive to it. Every neighborhood, there-  
fore, should have a Monitor Jr. clover hul-  
ler, and it will soon pay for itself in the  
saving of time and labor, and the thorough  
manner in which it does its work.

A New Yorker on Cross-Bred Sheep.

LOGAN, N. Y., March 9, 1881.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

It is a well established fact that the  
profits accruing from all of our domestic  
animal products largely, if not wholly, up-  
on the care that is taken of them by their  
owners. It is also a fact that the better  
care that the owner of a flock of sheep  
takes of them in providing a good com-  
fortable shelter, the more liberally he feeds  
them, the greater will be his profits. It is  
our nature to bestow the most care upon  
the animal that is the most to our liking,  
and neglect the ones that we care the least  
about, and many times it is our fault and  
not the animals if we fail to receive profit  
from them. These thoughts occurred to  
me while reading the remarks of your cor-  
respondent from Superior, Mich., in your  
issue of Feb. 28. I regret that he did not  
deem it proper to sign his name, as it re-  
minds me of a remark that the late Horace  
Greely once made while addressing an  
agricultural society. He said that letters  
from farmers upon agricultural matters for  
publication were always acceptable, no  
matter how badly spelled or written, but  
when the writer neglected to sign his name  
or requested that it should not be pub-  
lished, it always seemed to him that the  
writer was either ashamed of what he had  
written, or else had not written just the  
exact truth. But I do not wish to accuse  
Mr. Subscriber of either; I simply think  
that he has been perhaps a little misled,  
and thereby is laboring under a mistaken  
impression. He says: "Five years ago I  
made a venture in sheep; thinking only on  
the wool side of the question, and being told  
by Shropshire breeders that the middle  
grade sheep sheared from seven to eight  
pounds, I invested in that class," etc.

This assertion I fail to understand, as he  
does not say that they were pure Shrop-  
shire Down, neither does he say that they  
were grade Shropshire Down. He says  
they had first class care and when shear-  
ing time came they sheared a fraction over  
four pounds; kept them three years, every  
year their fleeces decreased in weight. He  
sold them, invested in fine wools, giving  
them the same care; they sheared seven  
pounds. (Is not a little queer that there  
were no fractions). Now, these statements  
are probably all true (except it may be in  
respect to the fractions). Subscriber leads  
us to believe, first, that the venture that he  
made was the first experience that he ever  
had in sheep. He also leads us to believe  
when he says that he thought only on the  
wool side of the question) that wool was  
the only source from which he expected  
to derive profit. He also gives us the im-  
pression that he was prejudiced against  
sheep as wool producers to begin with,  
which renders any man incapable of deal-  
ing fairly and justly with anything that he  
is experimenting with, for the reason that  
(Continued on eighth page.)



## The Farm.

## OUR FRENCH LETTER.

The Fat Stock and Implement Show—The Sugar Beet and its Manufacture into Sugar.

PARIS, Feb. 25, '32.

THE FAT STOCK AND IMPLEMENT SHOW.

The annual fat cattle show of this city was on the whole satisfactory, though I have seen superior exhibitions. There has been no sensible increase in the entries, save for sheep, and the number of choice animals in any class, was very limited. This exhibition is organized by the government, and indicates something like a sad lack of practical judgment. It is the aim of all good farming to fatten stock within the shortest possible time; in a word, to encourage precocity. The judges have simply ignored this end, in the case of the oxen at all events, to which I shall presently allude. Marked progress was evident in the case of butter and cheese. The French have felt that the Danes were cutting them out in the butter markets of the world, hence the new effort. The display of cheese was very remarkable; it is a branch of industry becoming every day more developed. The show of machines testify, that native implement makers have so been taught by the foreigner, that Jack is now as good as his master. French makers are actually bringing out novelties. A great many orders were taken both for implements and fertilizers, that which would indicate good times with cultivators.

The judges have been unanimously condemned for awarding the prize of honor to an ox, whose race would be difficult to establish. Hitherto, blue ribbons were awarded for symmetry and precocity; on the present occasion deformity and long efforts to arrive at the fattening point, have been honored. The animal selected for the supreme award, did not possess a single point of excellence. Its fat seemed to have been laid on in lumps, and suggested the appearance of an ox on the point of bursting after larger portions of green food and water. The beast weighed 17 cwt. 73 lbs., and was aged 54 months; while there were fifty animals, of most correct form, representing nearly the same weight, but 22 months younger. Thus, one young ox, aged 32 months, and weighing 17 cwt. 66 lbs., and beautifully formed, produces almost the same quantity of flesh, as the former animal put up flesh at the rate of 30 ounces a day, while the second required 1,661 days to put up 19 ounces daily. Ordinarily, oxen under three years of age, and having four-fifths of Durham blood, fat at the rate of 28 oz. daily. It costs one-fourth more to produce one pound of meat in France than in England.

THE SUGAR BEET AND ITS MANUFACTURE.

At the end of May the sugar manufacturers intend to hold a congress, where, among other matters, will be discussed the comparative value of beet pulp by the two processes for extracting the juice and refining the latter. In the meantime, the sugar beet growers have met and exchanged views as to the best means for cultivating the root, etc. In point of practical utility, the congress was very remarkable. What are the most favorable conditions for the culture of sugar beet? Deep tillage in order to have roots uniform and not fork; abundant manurings, but manures easily absorbed and not rich in nitrogen, for excess of nitrogen produces roots poor in sugar and difficult to be worked up. Sow as early as possible when frosts are no longer to be feared, and the soil has been dried after the winter; select good seed; no supplemental manures during the growth of the plant, as such develop the bulb at the expense of the sugar; above all, no stripping of leaves during summer and autumn. Eleven roots to the square yard are considered fair spacing, and it is better to have the rows rather distant, and the plants rather close. Good seed is essential, and to obtain such, the bulbs for bearing ought to be selected under normal conditions of growth, and analyzed to test their richness and purity of juice, for it is possible by special conditions of culture to produce a bulb exceptionally rich in saccharine matter without the root being able to transmit that quality hereditarily; further, such culture might produce an unbranching root, yet the next generation would display all the forkiness.

Beet extracts a great deal of potash from the soil, so the necessity of restoring that salt is urged upon the attention of growers. A deficiency of potash in the soil induces a premature falling of leaves, loss in the neck of the root, and a resumption of vegetation in September, which revival takes place at the expense of the sugar cells. Phosphates are excellent, and the more so if wheat is intended to follow the beet. Some recommend applications of manure. Respecting the period of sowing: in cold regions early sowing is to be recommended, while in warmer districts the plant is held to resist the heat in proportion to its youthfulness. It was a knotty point, what ought to determine the monetary value of beet, for till lately it was the only agricultural product where quality was ignored. To test the industrial value of the root was not less an essential factor in price than determining the weight. Two methods were proposed, estimating the density of the juice, and that is now generally employed, and analyzing its richness—a process abandoned as being laborious and unreliable, although the densimetric standard has also its drawbacks.

## The Poland Chinas.

The American Poland China Record Co. held their fifth annual meeting at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, January 23d. The association appears to be in good shape, the Treasurer reporting funds and property in his hands to the amount of \$1,569.50, and no outstanding debts. The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows:

President—W. P. Sisson, Galesburg, Ill.  
Treasurer—J. C. Traer, Vinton, Iowa.  
Secretary—John Gilmore, Vinton, Iowa.

Vice Presidents—Levi R. Whitman, Canada; Elias Gallup, Cal.; W. W. McClung, Iowa; C. W. Jones, Mich.; Dr. Ezra Sieton, Ill.; W. H. Hood, Ohio; J. E. Kenyon, Neb.; Geo. Wille, Wis.; W. P. Hazlett, Mo.; S. W. Tulliver, Ky.; Henry Blakely, Kan.; J. M. Day, Ind.; and Geo. W. Fomey, Cal.

Board of Directors—A. C. Moore, Ill.; H. C. Castle, Ill.; C. W. Jones, Mich.; C. H. Potter, Kan.; J. T. Price, Iowa; S. H. Wilson, Iowa; H. C. Dawson, Neb.; and J. W. Blackford, Iowa.

The Secretary was instructed to close the city for receiving pedigrees on April 1st for Third Volume. The association unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, Unscrupulous and designing men are filling our live-stock and agricultural papers with certificates certifying to the efficiency of worthless nostrums for the cure of all diseases to which swine are liable, therefore

Resolved, By the American Poland-China Swine Breeders, assembled on this 18th day of January, 1932, that all the so-called hog cholera, cure-alls are mere traps to catch the unwary and put money into the pockets of the advertisers, at the expense of the swine growers.

Resolved, that all nostrums advertised as hog cholera remedies, or preventives, or cures, are unmitigated frauds, and unworthy the confidence of the swine breeder, and should be denounced by all respectable and intelligent swine breeders as mere stunts at which we are supposed to grasp.

WHAT KIND OF FENCES SHALL WE BUILD.

(Read before the Hamburg Farmers' Club, March 9, 1932, by Frank Holland, Brighton, Mich.)

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen.—I believe this question to be one of the greatest importance, as it is one of the greatest expenses of the farm. I also believe that good fences are essential to our prosperity as farmers. Let us go where we will, when we look upon well fenced farms, we consider the proprietor a man of ambition, possessed of worthy pride if not of wealth. I believe them essential because they save us from the constant worry and many petty annoyances we are subject to by having our stock break into our crops, and destroy many dollars' worth during the season, besides the valuable time spent in running after them; and also saving us from the enmity so often caused between neighbors, arising from this same source.

In my few remarks I shall confine myself to the three fences I consider most practicable for us in this vicinity, leaving out the hedge fence on account of its cost, and the barbed wire, as we are all breeders of sheep and prefer shearing them to having their wool pulled. I shall commence with the rail fence. With good rails at \$40 per thousand, or four cents a piece, and fifteen per rod, together with two cents for blocks or stone to lay on, it makes a total of 62 cents per rod, beside taking up eight or ten feet of ground according to the amount of worm we put in the fence; we must also take into consideration the necessity of going over the farm after each gate, and replacing the rails scattered by it. I also think it would be impossible for us in this vicinity to procure sufficient rails even at the above figures.

Now, let us pass on to the board fence. With lumber at \$15 per thousand, posts at 13 cents apiece and rails at 4 cents per lb., this fence will cost us 78 cents per rod; if we furnish our own posts, the cost will be 53 cents per rod.

Next take the slat and wire fence, and I would not use anything lighter than the number nine wire, which can be purchased at five cents per lb., taking four lbs. per rod, and slats at \$5 per thousand, taking 33 per rod, and posts at the above figures, setting them ten feet apart. We have a fence for 57 cents per rod. Now if we furnish our own posts and material for slats, which most of us can do in this vicinity, we have a fence costing us only 30 cents per rod. I believe this fence to be far the cheapest, equally durable, the most efficient in turning all kinds of stock, and the easiest kept up. If the post rots off the staples can be replaced by a new one, while with the board fence it is almost impossible to loosen the boards from the decayed post without splitting them. I have never heard or known of any kind of stock attempting to jump on it to break it down, a thing they often do with our best board fences. It also proves a great annoyance to dogs that are prowling around in search of mutton. I would recommend this fence to all farmers, and also the fencing of our farms 80 to 160 acres into small fields of ten acres, with a few smaller ones near the barns. By using small fields we can give our stock frequent changes, which are beneficial to them; beside, we can keep our pastures more even, as they are not so apt to eat it down in spots, thus causing an uneven fertility in the soil.

## Care of Rams.

Col. F. D. Curtis, in the Ohio Farmer, says on this subject:

"In the fall of the year rams are always uneasy and will get out of almost any enclosure. When they do get away they are liable to become injured in many ways. They may get overheated running, or hurt in fighting. They do damage to a neighbor or to their owner by causing the lambs to come out of season. We never take any such chances, but soon as cool nights begin shut our rams in a box stall and keep them there until they are wanted to serve the ewes. If we have a large flock the ram is not allowed to run with them, but is turned in among them in the morning for an hour or two and then put back in his own pen. Here he will eat his rations and lie down and rest, and the next day be as vigorous as ever. This is not the case when a ram runs with the sheep all the time. He loses flesh rapidly and soon becomes poor and weak, which tells on his offspring, and they, too, will be weak and puny. It is important to have the ram in good condition, and this can be done if he is returned to the stable, where grain can be given to him at will. We should look forward to the lambing season with serious forebodings if the sire was allowed to have the run of the flock without any special care. This would be a certain way for a flock to deteriorate (run out), and accounts for so many flocks becoming worthless. We have heard old

farmers say their sheep were 'running out,' and they must change their flocks. The truth was the sheep needed to change owners. All they wanted was somebody to care for them on common sense principles, and they would do well enough. We loaned a fine South Down ram once to a neighbor, which was in fine condition at the time, and when he returned him he could hardly walk. This ram had been left to serve a large flock of sheep, with nothing but frost-bitten grass to eat, and exposed to all of the storms. It is needless to say that many of the lambs got under such circumstances are small and weak, and that such a system of breeding will 'run out' a flock.

"Notwithstanding the want of sense evincing in such management, most farmers do the same thing. It takes time and is too much trouble, they say, to 'fuss with a ram,' but they forget that it takes much more time and is much more trouble to 'fuss' with the lambs in the spring, besides the uncomfortable feeling of seeing them die. When rams are well cared for, and have a regular ration of grain daily, while serving the ewes, they are more likely to get twins. It is a great deal less trouble to keep a ram in a box stall than to undertake to keep him in an enclosure in a field. In the box stall he is passive and quiet, for he does not hear or see anything to disturb him. Out of doors in the field he is continually uneasy and striving to get out. The anxiety about them is more than all the trouble of taking care of them in the stable. We lock the stable door to make sure no one accidentally lets him out, and when a neighbor comes, and this often happens) to complain about his damage owing to some ram injuring his, or about lambs coming in midwinter which he would not have had happen for a hundred dollars, we do not worry, but complainably lead him to the box stall and taking the key from our pocket unlock the door and point to our rams, sleek, quiet, strong, clean, and in short, the pictures of innocence and beauty. One such occasion will afford satisfaction enough to 'fuss' with a stable full of rams for some time. Once a day is as often as they need to be fed, as a rack can easily be made to hold a day's feeding of hay, and grain once a day is enough, and to fill a pail with water daily is ample.

"A ram that is not worth this amount of trouble is not worth having, and a flock-master who is too shiftless to do as much as this to keep up the stamina and character of his sheep, deserves to have them 'run out,' as they surely will. The ram should have oats and corn mixed and a few roots with clover hay. This is the best combination of feed."

## An Experiment with Beets.

L. A. Spencer, of Casco, has been experimenting on the value of beets as affecting the flow of milk, and furnishes the South Haven Sentinel with his conclusions as follows:

"I enclose the result of an experiment to test the relative value of beets as a milk producing food. I am aware that an experiment with a single cow may not settle the matter definitely, but the great falling off of milk when changed from bran and meal to beets alone, has satisfied me that beets or mangels are of little value when compared with corn meal, oats or bran. Previous to commencing this experiment I had been feeding beets and about three quarts of corn meal and bran put on after the beets were chopped. On the 25th of Feb. I commenced to feed four quarts of bran and meal mixed and one pint of oil meal. This feed was given twice daily with warm water enough to make stiff paste, with the following result: 1st day 32 pounds and 6 ounces of milk; 2d day 38 pounds 8 ounces; 3d day 37 pounds and 14 ounces; total milk in 3 days from one cow, 108 pounds 12 ounces. February 26th changed to one-half bushel of cut beets twice a day, with the following results: 1st day 37 pounds 2 ounces; 2d day 32 pounds 4 ounces; 3d day 23 pounds 12 ounces, total for three days 92 pounds 2 ounces. March 1st changed food to same amount of beets with four quarts bran and corn meal sprinkled on: 1st day 29 pounds 12 ounces; 2d day 35 pounds 8 ounces, 3d day 38 pounds 10 ounces; total 103 pounds 14 ounces. I may add that I have continued the last named ration ever since with about the same average as the last day named, about 35 to 40 pounds per day. The same quantity of hay was fed each day, which was about all the cow would eat up clean. You will see that there was about ten pounds difference between the yield of milk in the first and second trial, but this falling off is nearly all on the third day after being put on the beet ration, which shows that if the test had been continued longer the difference would have been greater. Now the question among dairymen is, will it pay to raise beets when help is scarce? Let some one prove by actual experiment that they are cheaper feed than good clover hay and I will give it up, but until then I shall believe that I can raise clover cheaper than I can beets."

## A "Gold Medal" Dairy.

C. H. Libby, in a paper on "European Dairies" read before the Northwestern Dairymen's Convention at Geneva Lake, Wis., in February last, thus describes the dairy of Madame Decanville, who took the gold medal at the exposition of 1878 for the best cheese exhibited:

"She had twenty-seven cows, twelve of them Swiss and fifteen Normandes; all large, heavy built animals, and deep, rich milkers. The stables were a paragon of neatness. The floors were covered with white sand, and the cows bedded with clean straw. The cows were fed in winter with the best of hay, fifteen quarts of bran each per day, and a small ration of beet root, but no stimulating food like cotton-seed meal, etc.

"The best cheese is made on summer grass feed, when it is high colored like butter, without artificial coloring. The dairy rooms were in the stone basement of the house, though all above ground surrounded by thick stone walls and with few windows. The interior was divided by other stone walls into several small rooms, where the different processes of curing were carried on by means of skill

fully controlled currents of air. The atmosphere was kept always moist and the temperature uniform by the heavy walls. Madame Decanville makes the famous Fromage de Coulommiers. For the best quality the process is to set the milk twelve hours, then to remove the cream, and let the skim-milk rest twelve hours; then curdle with rennet, and allow it to stand twenty-four hours. Then the curd, with all cutting, is placed in moulds with an equal amount of cream. The cream and curd are not mixed, but simply put into the moulds spoonful by spoonful. The moulds are cylinders, four, six and twelve inches in diameter, and about two inches high, without top or bottom. Each mould rests on a straw mat made of single straws laid side by side, and held together by a woof of a few threads, and covering a surface of twelve or sixteen inches. The mat rests on a thin board, which in turn is placed on an inclined shelf to drain off the whey. After two days in this mould the cheese is turned out upon another straw mat, which in turn rests upon an osier mat. It is now slightly sprinkled with salt, and turned from day to day until cured, which requires about two weeks in summer, and three or four weeks in winter and spring, being moved as required from one curing room to another. The cheese is ready for market and use any time after curing until it is a year old, according to the taste of the consumer. Each cheese, with the brand of the maker, is wrapped in thin paper and sent to market in a thin wooden box. This cheese sells at 20 to 30 cents per pound. To keep these delicate little cheeses for a considerable length of time, the wrapping paper is frequently changed to prevent sticking and to absorb the moisture. In the dry atmosphere of a dwelling house these cheeses are not placed on top of one another, but are kept under glass bells in a moist room and turned every day. I will say here that I brought one of them home and cut it just one year after it was made, when it still had an agreeable cheese flavor, although rather strong, as I had taken no pains in preserving it."

"The acme of cheese making, however, was the still more delicious Fromage a la Creme, or cream cheese, sometimes called white cheese. For this the milk is set twelve hours and then skimmed, and the skim-milk curdled with rennet, when it is at once mixed with an equal proportion of fresh cream by stirring, and allowed to cure in small moulds of any desired shape. The curing takes but a few days, and the cheese must be eaten fresh. Each cheese is about the size of a hen's egg, and three or four ounces in weight. The best quality sells for six cents a cheese. It is truly delicious, and a great favorite with epicures, and of course is very profitable to the maker."

Equivalents of Foreign Wheat Measures.

The following statement of the equivalents of foreign standard measures of wheat will undoubtedly be of interest to many. A quarter of Californian wheat weighs 500 lbs., of other American, Chilean or Daubian wheat, 480 lbs.; of South Russian wheat, 462 lbs. A sack of four weighs 280 lbs.—nearly equal to a barrel and a half. A Russian chetvert of wheat equals about 354 lbs. An Egyptian ardeb of wheat is 300 lbs. A French kilogramme equals 2½ tons. A German last of wheat equals 3 tons 200 lbs. A Smyrna kilo equals one bushel. A Malta salma equals about 450 lbs. A Spanish fanega equals 99 lbs. A Chilean fanega equals 32 lbs. An Austrian staga equals 137 lbs. A maund of Indian wheat equals 80 lbs. A Portuguese alqueire of wheat equals 24 lbs. A Barcelona cras equals 1,925 bushels. A Norway maller is 10 maas, or 4,126 bushels. A German maller is 12 scheffeln or 18,145 bushels. A Vienna metzen equals 1 7/10 bushels. A German metzen is about 110 lbs. A French quintal is 220½ lbs.

The oleomargarine factories of New York have a producing capacity of 116,000,000 pounds annually, while the production of dairy butter in the State is only 111,000,000 pounds.

The wheat crop in Illinois is reported by the State Board of Agriculture as 275,000 acres less than last year, or about 9 per cent. The condition of the crop is unusually favorable.

## Agricultural Items.

A NEW ENGLAND farmer, whose late potatoes were destroyed by the bugs from an adjoining field of Early Rose, which after this crop was secured came down upon his field, "like the wolf on the fold," thinks that a patch of late potatoes grown as a trap for catching and poisoning the beetles of a neighborhood, may be a good thing for the neighborhood, but that it is a little hard on the potatoes used for bait.

THE great butter market at Cork is a large, low building, mostly occupied by one large room into which the teams drive and deposit their loads, and where the sales are made. All the butter sold here is inspected before it goes out, and marked of a certain grade. The butter is packed in a small oaken cask; a skilful cooper unheads the cask; the butter is turned out upon the scales and weighed, and its interior tested; then is properly graded, about as grain is inspected and graded here. After inspection and weighing the butter is returned to the cask, which is reheaded, and is then ready for shipment to the most distant markets, large quantities of it going across the seas to Brazil and Australia. No brine is used in these packages, as the oaken casks are coopered very tightly, and with a liberal salting around the margin the butter is perfectly kept. Irish butter, intended for the home market, or for England, is not salted, but is sent to market quite fresh, which is more acceptable to the English taste than the American custom of high salting.

A CORRESPONDENT of the German Town Telegraph, who has made a specialty of raising tomatoes, says: "The 'Acme' and the 'Trophy' have given the best satisfaction. I plant the first quite early and use pieces of four-inch drain tile to put over them in case of frost. Covered in that way they will stand quite a hard frost. Plant four feet apart each way and use five-foot stakes, one to each plant. As they grow tie to the stake with jute or some soft twine, and cut off every

branch as soon as blossoms appear. When the plant reaches the top of the stake, top it. Sometimes when the seasons are wet, some of the foliage ought to be cut back; and in very dry seasons a mulch is good. We frequently grow half a bushel to a plant, and the plants show all conditions of fruit, from blossom to ripe fruit, and bear until frost kills the plant. About the time frost is expected, the green fruit is picked for pickles. At all times the fruit is better flavored and more perfect, having no earthy taste and very few decayed ones."

In Joseph Harris' new seed catalogue he gives his young patrons some good advice about sowing seeds. He says they should be covered only deep enough to keep moist, and that small seeds, such as lettuce, radish, Drumhead pepper, nasturtium, and pansy, need not be covered deeper than a sheet of writing paper is thick. If pressed into the soil and kept moist, they need not be covered at all. Petunias seeds are easily covered so deep that they will not grow, while peas will grow if covered two or three inches deep. For outdoor planting it is a good rule to cover seeds to a depth of three to five times their diameter and no more, so that large seeds like corn and peas will be many times deeper than the minute seeds of the portulaca. All must have the three requisites of warmth, moisture and air, (but not light) and if buried too deep the air will be excluded. Peter Henderson finds great benefit in covering the seed, after pressing it into the soil, with a thin coat of finely pulverized moss, evenly sifted on, and watered with a fine rose.

W. D. PHILBRICK, in the New England Farmer, says in reference to the care to be exercised in procuring seeds of a reliable seedsmen: "The care needed for producing one seed, for example, 'with a pedigree' that is sure to produce early ripe bulbs with no scullions, and that will keep well, is so great that no gardener could do it for \$4 to \$6 per pound, the usual price in market, and yet any one who proposes to grow onions can better afford to pay \$20 per pound for such seed than to accept as a 'free gift' the ordinary good seed of the stores. With cabbage it is the same; when it has been selected with proper care, not one plant in a hundred will fail to produce a good head, and with no more labor or expense than is required to grow the same number of stumps and bunches of onions from inferior seed. In general, there is less difficulty in buying good seeds of peas, beans, corn and potatoes than of the vegetables mentioned above, but care in the selection of all vegetable seeds is well worth the effort and time required, if one cares to prosper."

Mr. Philbrick says it is an excellent plan for each farmer in a neighborhood to make a specialty of some sort of seed, and his neighbors to depend upon him for such seeds, and grow others to exchange or sell; and says that in the village of Arlington, large quantities of most excellent seeds are grown by the farmers, that never find their way to market, and are sold at very high prices to those who know their worth.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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## Poetry.

## SAYING MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair  
Between the fire and the lamp's light;  
His face was ruddy and full and fair,  
His three small boys in the chimney nook  
Confronted the lines of a picture book;  
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,  
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,  
Laid the table and steeped the tea,  
Tried, swiftly, silently;  
Dutiful and weary weak and faint,  
She bore her trials without complaint,  
Like many another household saint—  
Content, all selfish bliss above  
In the patient ministry of love,  
At last, between the clouds of smoke  
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:

"There's taxes to raise, an' interest to pay,  
And of these should make a rainy day,  
I would be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,  
To have something put by, for folks must die,  
And there's funeral bills, and gravestones to buy—  
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh,  
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe  
To be provided for when we go.  
So I was you, I'll tell you what I'd do;  
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could,  
I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of oil,  
And run up some candles once in a while;  
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee and tea,  
For sugar is high,  
And all to buy,  
And older is good enough for me.  
I'd be kind o' careful about my clothes  
And look out sharp how the money goes—  
Gawgaws is useless, nater knows;  
Extry trimmin'—  
'S the bans of women."

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,  
And eggs as good, high about, 's the money;  
And as to the carpet you wanted new—  
I guess we can make the old one do—  
And as for the washer and sewin' machine,  
Them smooth-tongued agents 'so pecky mean,  
You'd better get rid of 'em, slick and clean.  
What do they know about women's work?  
Do they calculate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe  
Sat in the corner in a row.  
They saw the patient mother go—  
On ceaseless errands to and fro,  
They saw that her form was bent and thin,  
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in,  
They saw the quiver of lip and chin,  
And then, with a warmth he could not smother,  
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother—

"You talk of savin' wood and oil  
'An' tea an' sugar all the while,  
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

## OUR HOMESTEAD.

Our old brown homestead reared its walls  
From the waste dust almost lost,  
Where the apple bough could almost cast  
Its fruit upon the roof;  
And the cherry tree so near it grew,  
That when the wind blew from the west,  
In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs  
As they cracked against the pane;  
And those orchard trees—Oh, those orchard trees,  
I've my little brother rocked  
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweetbrier under the window sill,  
Which the early birds make glad,  
And the damask rose by the garden fence,  
Were all the flowers we had;  
I've looked at many a flower since then,  
Exotics rich and rare,  
That to other eyes were lovelier,  
But not to me so fair,  
For those roses bright, oh! those roses bright,  
I've twined them in my sister's locks  
That are laid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,  
Where the spring was never dry,  
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones  
Were falling constantly;  
And there never was water half so sweet  
As the draught which filled my cup,  
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep,  
That my father's hand set up;  
And that deep old well, oh! that deep old well,  
I remember now its splashing sound  
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,  
Where at night we loved to meet;  
When my mother's voice was always kind,  
And her smile was always sweet;  
And there I've sat on my father's knee  
And watched his thoughtful brow,  
With my childish hand in his raven hair,  
That hair as silver now as that broad heart's  
Light.

And my father's look and my mother's smile  
They are in my heart to-night.

—Phoebe Cary.

## Miscellaneous.

## BLAKE'S WIDOW.

Jem Blake had been shot dead in his own doorway by Antonio Gueldo, and the trial was to come off directly.

The extraordinary interest in the affair was less due to the murder and its peculiar circumstances than to the fact that this was the first case tried at San Saba in any more formal court than the time-honored institution of Judge Lynch. Jem had been a quiet man and a good neighbor, with a hand always ready to help any one who was out of luck, so public sentiment ran pretty high against Antonio. If the general inclination had been followed—as up to that time it always had—the last named gentleman would have found very scant opportunity to make any remarks in his own behalf.

However, things were advancing at San Saba as well as elsewhere, and it wouldn't do to hang Antonio without a regular trial, no matter how agreeable such a proceeding might be to the people at large. So ran the opinion expressed by Judge Pitblado, whose ideas on such subjects were usually accepted without comment.

Nevertheless, there was more than one dissenter in the present instance, to whom it was by no means clear that there would be any sense or profit in thus beating about the bush.

"If Antonio's goin' ter be hung, why in—don't we hang him?"

This was the pertinent query of Jack Smith, the leader of the opposing faction, and his view of the question put in so clear a light that the Judge had great difficulty in impressing people with his conviction. He said things had gone on in an irregular way long enough, and here was a chance to start the law in properly, and give it a show. Besides, it didn't make any kind of difference; Antonio had shot Jem, hadn't he? Well, then, what was the use of talking? All the jury would have to do now was to return their verdict of guilty in the first degree, and there you were all comfortable.

It was just the same thing in the end—exactly.

"I tell yer," said the Judge, who felt

the weight of his title, albeit the same was altogether one of courtesy; "I tell yer, there's nothing like don't a thing reglar; particularly when yer know just how it's coming out."

So the judge's argument, supported by his influence, and increasing bias at San Saba in favor of more civilized views, settled the matter, and it was decided that Antonio Gueldo should be tried before he was hanged.

As there was no place specially arranged for such ceremonies, Judge Pitblado hospitably offered the use of his shed.

Here a rough table and chair were placed for the Judge, the other necessary furniture intended to represent the dock, the stand, etc., being eked out with boxes from Silas Baggett's grocery store.

Jack Smith looked on at these preparations for a time with frowning discontent, and then strolled down the road, turning into the lane that led to Blake's.

When he reached the door of the shanty he leaned against the jamb and poked his head inside, fanning himself in an embarrassed way with his greasy fragment of a hat. He had come there with the intention of saying something, but the sight within made him forget it.

Blake's widow sat there, as she had sat, pretty much all the time since the murder, staring straight before her, with her chin in her palm. The sunlight struck through the foliage of the red oak trees that grew before the door, and checked with flickering brightness the floor and the cradle where Jem's baby was sleeping.

There it was, just as it had been three days ago; could it be only three days? just as it had been when she went out that morning to look after the drying clothes, and left him standing in the door by the cradle, (how fond he was of the baby!); just as it was when she heard the crack of the pistol, and ran in with an awful sense of suffocating fright; just the same as she had found him lying upon the cradle, dabbled in his white linen with his blood, and the baby playing with his hair. She screamed once, the first and last complaint any one heard her make; then she was quiet and helpful through it all; when the men came and lifted him up; when they laid him out upon the rough bed in the other room; when they carried him to his grave, she followed with the baby in her arms.

Jake Smith was trying to find the link missing in his thoughts; he sniffed with perplexity—or something—and Blake's widow looked up without speaking. Jake nodded pleasantly four or five times.

"Pooley chipper?" asked he.

Blake's widow smiled sadly, bent over the sleeping child and smoothed the clothes with a tender touch.

"They're agoin' ter try him in a court," Jake went on, "an' I don't believe—"

"Try who—Antonio?" She turned toward the burly figure in the door with a flash of interest in her black eyes.

"Yes. The judge is makin' a court out of his shed. I hope it'll turn out all right, but it seems like givin' that Mexican devil a chance he ought not to have."

"He can't get clear, can he?" she asked, rocking the cradle gently and patting the coverlet.

"I don't see how, but he's got some kind of a law cuss to speak for him—a feller that stopped here a day or two on his way to Galveston, and it makes me kind o' nervous."

Blake's widow did not appear to notice the last remark, for the child, disturbed by the talking, had awakened and sat up in his cradle with a wondering look.

"Pooley, ain't he?" said Jake, regarding the small figure with interest. "Looks just like—ahem!—you. Poor little—I—ah," he stammered and treated his hat like a mortal enemy. "Of course he's had— you've got 'ter ain't nothin' I could do fur yer, maybe?"

She answered with a grateful look, but it was accompanied by a shake of the head.

Jake bent down, and, with his big forefinger softly ruffled the hair of the baby's head; then he went out and left them, Blake's widow sitting as he had found her, and the baby staring down the path after him.

He walked on until he reached the top of the little hill, where he could look down upon the roof which covered the piteous scene he had just left. Here he seemed to have half a mind to turn back, for he hesitated and stopped, but he changed his partial intention after lingering a moment, and walked meditatively onward with the exclamation, "Wall, some women do beat 'em—I amazin'."

Of course everybody came to the trial. The arrangements were soon found to be altogether too meagre. Pitblado's shed was filled to overflowing, and Baggett made a clean sweep of every empty box in his store.

Antonio's lawyer, a sharp featured fellow from Galveston, had bustled about with surprising agility on the day previous, holding mysterious conference with ill-conditioned fellows of Gueldo's kidney.

Jake Smith was highly dissatisfied, and even the Judge was heard to utter some misgivings; however, by the time the proceedings had really commenced he gained confidence.

The Court was assembled, the jury had been chosen, and the witnesses were all present save one—Blake's widow.

Pretty soon there was a stir at the door; then a murmur of surprise ran through the crowded room.

"May I be d—d," said Jake Smith, audibly, "if she hasn't brought her baby!"

What reason she may have had for not leaving the little thing in charge of some sympathizing woman—and there were plenty who would have been glad of the trust—was not apparent; however that might be, there it was clasped firmly in her arms, its bright red cheeks contrasting with her whiteness, and its father's sunny hair mingling with her dark locks.

With some difficulty way was made through the throng to her seat, which had been placed on one side of the judge, directly opposite the candle-box on the other, where Antonio sat. She took her place and never moved during the whole of the trial, excepting as she was required

to testify, and once when the baby tugged at some glistening thing that lay hidden in the folds of her dress, at which she took pains to distract its attention with a chip from the floor.

As for the baby, it sat there with its big, blue eyes open to their fullest extent, entirely absorbed in the novel scene, save at the moment when that irresistible glitter caught its eye.

Every one being now present, the trial went on in good earnest. A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony showed that Gueldo had had trouble with Blake, and more than once threatened his life; that Gueldo's pistol was one charge short on the evening of the day of the murder, whereas in the morning it had been full; that he was seen that morning around Blake's house, and more than at that Blake's widow had heard Gueldo's voice just before the fatal shot, and had seen his retreating form as she ran in.

At this last point the Galveston lawyer asked the witness a few questions regarding how she knew it was Gueldo, and how she had recognized the voice for his. She didn't know how exactly, but was none the less sure of that.

There had been a rumor about that some one had heard Antonio make a boast of having "done for Blake this time," but if there was a witness for this he could not be found now.

And so the prosecution closed.

The Galveston lawyer began by involving in a whirlpool of hopeless contradiction, the witness who had sworn to having seen Gueldo near Blake's house. Then he expatiated on the ease with which one person may be mistaken for another, and brought a witness to show how Gueldo had already been said to resemble some one in the village. Finally, he produced three of the ill-conditioned fellows before referred to, who swore that Antonio was with them on a hunting expedition during the whole of the day on which the murder was committed.

It was a clear case of alibi. Jake Smith's astonishment at the ease with which the thing had been accomplished was unbounded. He threw a disgusted look towards Pitblado, but the Judge was nonplussed, and didn't seem to be interested with things in Jake's vicinity.

There was a pause before Pitblado gave his charge, and when he rose his face was rather blank.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said he, "things has took a turn I didn't altogether expect. I don't know as there's much to be said. An' I s'pose yer've got to go by the evidence, an' that don't need any explainin'."

If you kin make out accordin' ter that, that Antonio Gueldo killed Jem Blake, why, just recollect that's what yer here fur."

The jury filed out, and the expectant audience occupied itself with tobacco and whispered comments.

Jake Smith gazed about on his box, and cast anxious glances through the open door, towards the clump of nopals where the jury were deliberating.

Antonio talked and laughed in an undertone with his counsel, and Blake's widow sat staring at them with compressed lips, and a strong expression of determination coming into her face.

It wasn't long before the jury filed in again, all seating themselves but the spokesman, and Judge Pitblado rose, wiping his forehead with his shirt sleeve.

"Straightened it out, have yer?" asked he, nodding to the spokesman.

The man nodded slowly in return.

"Wal, let's have it then."

"Yer see," said the spokesman, with a hesitating and disappointed air, "if yer hadn't a corralled us with stickin' ter the evidence, we might a done better, but accordin' ter that, Antonio wasn't there when the murder was done, an' ef he didn't do it, why—then—of course he's not guilty."

Pitblado didn't dare to look at anybody; he stared up at the rafters—down at the table—nowhere in particular; and then turned half way towards Antonio.

"You kin go," said he, speaking with great deliberation, "but I wouldn't stay round here too long."

There was a dead pause for a minute, and nobody moved.

Jake Smith exploded a single expressive word, which he had held for some time past, and Blake's widow stood up.

"Have you got through, Judge?" she asked.

"Wal—I—s'pose so."

"And there's nothing more to be done?"

"I'm afraid there ain't."

"An' he's free to go?"

"Y—ah—s."

Antonio Gueldo rose with an insolent grin, and picked up his hat.

The baby crowded, for it saw the glittering thing again.

There was a sharp report—Antonio pitched forward in a heap upon the floor, and Blake's widow stood with the pistol pressed to her breast.

A line of thin blue smoke curled up from the muzzle of the weapon, and formed a halo around the child's flaxen head. The glittering thing was quite near the little hands now, and they took it from the yielding grasp of the mother.

Blake's widow looked steadily at the figure on the floor—it was quite motionless—then she turned, and went through the wide passage opened for her by the silent crowd, holding the baby very tenderly, and the baby carrying the pistol.

The child laughed with delight; it had got its shining plaything at last.

A GENTLEMAN in Paris owns a handsome and valuable dog named "Bismarck." He recently received a note from the German embassy inviting him to remove the name from the dog's collar and to cease calling the animal by it under pain of prosecution, upon the ground that the patronymic belongs exclusively to the German chancellor, and the embassy cannot allow it to be publicly applied to a dog.

WHEN Sir Henry Parks arrived in New York from Australia, a few days ago, and found so much rain, he inquired if it was always so wet in the city, but was consoled by the information that such weather only happened when Jay Gould and other rail-road kings were "watering stock." No wonder we are having such a wet winter.

## O'BRIAN'S WEDDING.

BY A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

The old woman was dead set agin Tim O'Brian havin' her darter Peggy. And barrin' I wasn't a friend of O'Brian, small blame till her. He'd not the other coat till his back, that he hadn't. And him and his father was like two peas about luck. Divil a cent could either kape in his pocket, for lindin' the loan of it till the other; and they was too much the jittleman to ask for it back, either of 'em.

Not that I'd mention it for the wurrld, being a friend iv the family, but that's the gospel truth ef I was to be put on oath about it.

Well, but he was a good-looking gossoon notwithstanding, and a pair of eyes in his head that shone like jewels, and cheeks like roses, and a mouth jist made for kissing, and didn't he do it though? Not a girl in the parish but knew the taste of his lips. More boken he took the squireen's wife for Annie Key, and made her pay toll for crossin' the bridge at Ballybobbyboy, and, but for the election times coming on, the squire would have tarred and feathered him.

But with all his kissing and flirtin', there wasn't a girl he loved as he did Peggy McNeel. And a jewel iv a girl she was, and well she loved Tim, and aisy would it have been for him to get her, only for the old woman, as I could ye before.

"And where would he take her to live, barrin' 'twas the poor house?" says she. "A decent girl like Peggy, used to havin' comforts about her—two pigs in the sty, and no count taken iv the buttermill milk took till her praphties, and ivery saysonable luxury in life. There's Jim Brady wants her. And so you're married, it's all the same, a hundred years hence, who it was to."

That's the way old folks look at timin', ye mind, and I'm not sayin' they're wrong; but I was a friend iv the O'Brians, and I did my best to ricinicle the old woman, but St. Patrick himself couldn't have done it. All she'd do was to smoke and listen, and listen and smoke, and when I'd said my say, nod her head like a Chinaman dartin', and say again:

"Tim O'Brian isn't the man for Peggy McNeel. I've never brought her up to live without aivin', and that's what his wife'll have to do."

An unreasonable old crayther she was, that same Widdy McNeel. Niverstandin' that, Tim and Peggy got a talk wid aiche tither now and again, and was swatehearts all the same, and I, as a friend iv the family, did the best for them.

But, ye see, things couldn't go on so for ever. Tim was goin' wild to go to Amerikay, and go without Peggy he wouldn't; and Peggy, ye see, couldn't go wid him, barrin' she married, and there was nothin' for it but to get married unbeknownst.

"Yer a friend iv the family," says Tim to me, sez he; "and we rely chafely upon ye."

"Depind upon me, old boy," says I. And then we laid our heads together, and the first idee we got was that Peggy should go to the fair, and Tim make her there, and the three of us go to the praste and get married. After that, the ring being on, the old woman would give in, for there'd be no help for it.

But Widdy McNeel was sharper than we thought. Not a step would she let Peggy put fut to, barrin' she was wid her. To the fair she went to sell a pig and buy fax. And more boken that she wouldn't lose her in the crowd, she jist tacked Peggy's gown to her own wid a stitch or two, and there was no gettin' at her.

And there was Tim and me followin' on at a safe distance, and Peggy wid her gown tacked to her mother's, trotting on behind, tears rollin' down her cheeks, and heart breakin' wid disappointment, and strangers grinnin' at the two as if they were shows. And more boken, Father Curly, taking no heed and stirrin' to get betwixt 'em and gettin' a fall that broke the head of him, and brought the two wimmin down in a heap jist as the squire's mad bull, that he'd sent to be sold—bad luck to the baste!—escaped from the place he was in, and sent the crowd that way.

Och! the widdy was kilt inthirely, and so was Peggy; but niverstandin', when they got to their feet, the first word the widdy said was:

"Praise to glory, the tacks didn't break!"

And home she marched, wid Peggy behind her, like a blind man and his dog.

"Yer a friend of the family, and that's your only excuse," says the old woman to me next day. "I knowed the trick ye'd have put on me fair day. I knowed it well, and if I hadn't tacked the gowns together with wax ends from Pat the cobler's, heaven alone knows the ind of it."

Oh, she was a sharp old woman, that same Widdy McNeel.

"Carry her off, my boy!" says old O'Brian.

But Peggy wouldn't be carried off. And so for doin' it, we'd have had to take the old woman too—for by day she was like Peggy's shadow and ivery night, findin' how successful the stitching had been the day of the fair, she sewed the girl tight to her flaming petticoat—savin' yer priseness.

The brains in me was addled as year-old eggs, strivin' to manage the match betwixt the poor craythers that was jist dyin' in love for aiche tither. As for Father Mahone, twasn't him would have done aught to thwart the Widdy McNeel. Wasn't it herself provided him wid chickens, to say nothin' iv butter and eggs? and didn't she knit him stockings and make him shirts?

But I had a brother iv me own, that came so by way of being my father's first wife's son by a previous marriage—the man she married adopted him afore they iver met, ye mind—that was a clergyman himself jist. And blood is thicker than water, and he'd do a kind thing for me any day; and I want to him, and he promised to make him fast whenever there was opportunity.

"Git them away," say he, "and give me ten minutes and it's done."

But gittin' away was the hard iv it; and what to do I didn't know, until it flashed upon me like lightning was day.

Over I goes to the widdy, and winkin' at Peggy to let her know what I was at, I says to the old woman:

"Ye know I am a friend to the O'Brians."

"I know that same," says she. "Well," says I, "it's for that rasin I'm come to the conclusion that ye're right about him and Peggy. What's the use in a fine fellow like that pining and frettin' for a girl when there's many a wanner better and purtier to be had for the askin'?"

Of course ye, Widdy McNeel. And what I say is jist rid the two of the thoughts iv aiche tither."

"I'll take the fairy docther to do that," says the widdy. "Peggy is bewitched."

"It's wrong in ye, Peggy," says I. "Obadience to parents is the first to be kept. Let me look in your prayer-book, and I'll mark the places yer'll find it in."

"Do that," says the widdy, and she'll come to rasin, I warrant ye."

"I will," says I. "And more boken, Tim O'Brian goes to Amerikay to-morrow, so what's the use of carin'?"

"Glory to St. Patrick," says the widdy, "afore my flannin' is wore out wid the pull iv her!"

For there was Peggy tacked tight still like a Siamese twin.

The widdy got me the book, and I took a pencil and turned the pages over, and every here and there I wrote a word. And this was what it come to:

"Peggy, darlint, don't despair. Tim is goin' to Amerikay, but you are goin' wid him. Be alongside the garden windin' at eight to night, and there'll be a tiny happen you didn't expect. Close beside the widdy, honey, whatever come, and I'll wader me life there'll be a happy ending."

And this I give the book to her; the old woman couldn't read, so I was safe there.

The moon didn't rise that night until nine, and all was dark as Egypt when Tim and me brother, the clergyman, went into Widdy McNeel's garden. The widdy was open into the kitchen, and I looked in; there sat the widdy and Peggy tacked together—the widdy close until the fire as she could get, and Peggy sayin':

"Och, mother," says she, "it's roastin' I am: untack me, do, and let me cool off a bit in the garden."

"Niver a stitch," says the widdy, "until Tim O'Brian is out iv the country."

"Then come to the widdy, mother dear," says Peggy.

"And get rheumatics?" said the widdy. "Me brain is goin'," says Peggy; and then she began pullin' at her hair. "I'm mad," says she. "Ef I don't cool off a bit, there's no knowin' what I'll do."

"Holy angels!" says the widdy; "be aisy, colleen. We'll go to the widdy."

And over she came. The light was bright inside, and it was dark out. We could see and they couldn't. I put me hand in and nipped Peggy's arm. She put her head out.

"Peggy, darlint," says I, "jist listen and answer, and you'll be married in ten minutes. Here's me brother, the clergyman, and here's Tim, and here's me to see fair play."

"Thru for ye!" says me brother. "I'm Father William, and I'm ready to make ye man, niverstandin' all the old women in creation."

"Whist!" says I, "she'll hear ye."

"Peggy!" says the widdy.

"The could air aises me wonderful," says Peggy.

"My soul, but I hope it!" says the widdy.

"Tim," says Father William, without—"Tim, boy, do ye take this colleen to be yer wedded wife?"

"Yis," says Tim—"yis, yer reverence."

"Peggy," says Father William, "do ye take this broth iv a boy to be yer wedded husband?"

"I do, yer reverence," says Peggy.

"What's that ye're sayin'?" says the widdy.

"The wedding service runs in me head, mother," says Peggy. "That's what I'd have said to Tim at the altar."

"Ah, glory parted ye!" says the widdy. "Cool yer head again a bit, darlint."

Out comes Peggy's head, and Tim was goin' over her part; and then the father put in to Peggy:

"To love, honour, and obey; to have and to hold," says Peggy, "until death do us part. Ah, shure I do! And, och, yer reverence, to that I plight me troth!"

"Ah, Peggy, darlint, ye're talkin' wild again!" says the widdy.

"It's jist the wedding service that kapes in me head, says Peggy.

"Cool it off again, colleen!" says the widdy.



Ar. Auburn Jc.	12 45 p.m.	6 23	3 00
Jackson	3 40 p.m.	9 30	9 25 a.m.
Ann Arbor	5 07	.....	10 34
Detroit	6 30	11 40	11 30
Gr. Rapids	10 30	7 20 a.m.	4 50 p.m.
Lansing	3 35	8 10	.....
Saginaw	8 25	10 55	.....
Bay City	9 20 p.m.	11 55 a.m.	.....

All trains daily except Sunday. Accommodations south from Waterloo on Mondays, not Sudnays.

**H. BROMLEY,**  
**M. D. WOODFORD,** Gen'l Frt & Pass Agt  
 General Superintendent.







## Poetry.

## SAYING MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair  
Between the fire and the lamp's light;  
His face was ruddy and full and fair,  
His three small boys in the chimney nook  
Conceded the lines of a picture book.  
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,  
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,  
Laid the table and steeped the tea,  
Deftly, swiftly, silently;  
Tired and weary and weak and faint,  
She bore her trials without complaint,  
Like many another household saint—  
Content, all selfish bliss above  
In the patient ministry of love.  
At last, between the clouds of smoke  
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:  
"There's tales to raise, an' 'rest to pay,  
And of there should come a rainy day,  
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,  
'T have sumptin' put by. For folks must die,  
And there's funeral bills, an' gravestones to buy—  
Enough to swamp a man, party high,  
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe  
To be provided for when we go,  
So I was, I'll tell you what I'd do;  
I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of oil,  
And run up some candles once in a while;  
I'd be rather spar'n' of coffee and tea,  
For sugar is high,  
And all to buy,  
And cider is good enough for me.  
'T'd be kind o' careful about my clothes  
And look out sharp how the money goes—  
Gawgaws is useless, water knows;  
Entry trimmin'—  
'T's the name of women."

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,  
And eggs is as good, nigh about, the money;  
And as to the carpet you wanted new—  
I guess we can make the old one du,  
And as for the washer and sewin' machine,  
Them smooth-tongued agents 'so pecky mean,  
You'd better get rid of 'em, slick and clean.  
What do they know about women's work?  
Do they calculate women was born to shirk?"  
Dick and Edward and little Joe  
Sat in the corner in a row.  
They saw the patient mother go—  
On countless errands to and fro,  
They knew that her form was bent and thin,  
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in,  
They saw the quiver of lip and chin,  
And then, with a warmth he could not smother,  
Onto the youngest, frailest brother—

"You talk of savin' wood and oil,  
'An' tea an' sugar all the while,  
But you never talk of savin' mother!"  
—Interior.

## OUR HOMESTEAD.

Our old worn homestead reared its walls  
From the bayside dust aloft,  
Where the apple bough could almost cast  
Its fruit upon the roof;  
And the cherry tree so near it grew,  
That when awake I've heard  
In the lone night, I heard the limbs  
As they cracked and creaked the pane;  
And those orchard trees—Oh, those orchard trees,  
I've my little brothers roamed  
In their tops by the summer breeze.  
The sweetbrier under the window sill,  
Which the early birds make sing,  
And the damask rose by the garden fence,  
Were all the flowers we had.  
I've looked at many a flower since then,  
Exotic rich and rare,  
That to other eyes were lovelier,  
But not to me so fair,  
For those roses bright, oh! those roses bright,  
I've twined them in my sister's locks  
That are laid in the dust among lights.  
We had a well, a deep old well,  
Where the spring was never dry,  
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones  
Were falling constant;  
And there never was water half so sweet  
As the draught which filled my cup,  
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep,  
That my father's hand set up;  
And that deep old well, oh! that deep old well,  
I remember now the splashing sound  
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,  
Where at night we loved to meet;  
Where my mother's voice was always kind,  
And her smile was always sweet;  
And there I've sat on my father's knee  
And watched his thoughtful brow,  
With my childish head in his raven hair,  
That hair is silver now!  
But that broad hearth's light, oh! that broad hearth's  
light,  
And my father's look and my mother's smile  
They are in my heart to-night.  
—Phoebe Cary.

## Miscellaneous.

## BLAKE'S WIDOW.

Jem Blake had been shot dead in his own doorway by Antonio Gueldo, and the trial was to come off directly.  
The extraordinary interest in the affair was less due to the murder and its peculiar circumstances than to the fact that this was the first case tried at San Saba in any more formal court than the time-honored institution of Judge Lynch. Jem had been a quiet man and a good neighbor, with a hand always ready to help any one who was out of luck, so public sentiment ran pretty high against Antonio. If the general inclination had been followed—as up to that time it always had—the last named gentleman would have found very scant opportunity to make any remarks in his own behalf.

However, things were advancing at San Saba as well elsewhere, and it wouldn't do to hang Antonio without a regular trial, no matter how agreeable such a proceeding might be to the people at large. So ran the opinion expressed by Judge Pitblado, whose ideas on such subjects were usually accepted without comment. Nevertheless, there was more than one dissenter in the present instance, to whom it was by no means clear that there would be any sense or profit in thus beating about the bush.

"If Antonio's goin' ter be hung, why in—don't we hang him?"  
This was the pertinent query of Jack Smith, the leader of the opposing faction, and his view of the question put in so clear a light that the Judge had great difficulty in impressing people with his conviction. He said things had gone on in an irregular way long enough, and here was a chance to start the law in properly, and give it a show. Besides, it didn't make any kind of difference; Antonio had shot Jem, hadn't he? Well, then, what was the use of talking? All the jury would have to do now was to return their verdict of guilty in the first degree, and there you were all comfortable.

It was just the same thing in the end—exactly.  
"I tell yer," said the Judge, who felt

the weight of his title, albeit the same was altogether one of courtesy; "I tell yer, there's nothing like doin' a thing reglar; particularly when yer know just how it's coming out."

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When he reached the door of the shanty he leaned against the jamb and poked his naked head inside, fanning himself in an embarrassed way with his greasy fragment of a hat. He had come there with the intention of saying something, but the sight within made him forget it.

Blake's widow sat there, as she had sat pretty much all the time since the murder, staring straight before her, with her chin in her palm. The sunlight struck through the foliage of the red oak trees that grew before the door, and checked with flickering brightness the floor and the cradle where Jem's baby was sleeping.

There it was, just as it had been three days ago; (could it be only three days?) just as it had been when she went out that morning to look after the drying clothes, and left him standing in the door by the cradle, (how fond he was of the baby); just as it was when she heard the crack of the pistol, and ran in with an awful sense of suffocating fright; just the same as she had found him lying upon the cradle, dabbled in his white linen with his blood, and the baby playing with his hair. She screamed once, the first and last complaint any one heard her make; then she was quiet and helpful through it all; when the men came and lifted him up; when they laid him out upon the rough bed in the other room; when they carried him to his grave, she followed with the baby in her arms.

Jack Smith was trying to find the link missing in his thoughts; he sniffed with perplexity—or something—and Blake's widow looked up without speaking. Jake nodded pleasantly four or five times.  
"Poity chipper?" asked he.  
Blake's widow smiled sadly, bent over the sleeping child and smoothed the clothes with a tender touch.

"They're agoin' ter try him in a court," Jake went on, "an' I don't believe—"  
"Try who—Antonio?" She turned toward the burly figure in the door with a flash of interest in her black eyes.  
"Yes. The Judge is makin' a court out of his shed. I hope it'll turn out all right, but it seems like givin' that Mexican devil a chance he ought not to have."

"He can't get clear, can he?" she asked, rocking the cradle gently and patting the coverlet.  
"I don't see how, but he's got some kind of a law case to speak for him—a fellow that stopped here a day or two on his way to Galveston, and it makes me kind o' nervous."  
Blake's widow did not appear to notice the last remark, for the child, disturbed by the talking, had awakened and sat up in his cradle with a wondering look.

"Poity, ain't he?" said Jake, regarding the small figure with interest. "Looks just like—ahem!—you. Poor little—ah—," he stammered and treated his hat like a mortal enemy. "Of course he's had—yer yer got—ther ain't nothin' I could do yer, maybe?"

She answered with a grateful look, but it was accompanied by a shake of the head.  
Jake bent down, and, with his big forefinger softly ruffled the hair of the baby's head; then he went out and left them, Blake's widow sitting as he had found her, and the baby staring down the path after him.

He walked on until he reached the top of the little hill, where he could look down upon the roof which covered the piteous scene he had just left. Here he seemed to have half a mind to turn back, for he hesitated and stopped, but he changed his partial intention after lingering a moment, and walked meditatively onward with the exclamation, "Wall, some women do beat h—! amazin'!"

Of course everybody came to the trial. The arrangements were soon found to be altogether too meagre. Pitblado's shed was filled to overflowing, and Baggett made a clean sweep of every empty box in his store.

Antonio's lawyer, a sharp featured fellow from Galveston, had bustled about with surprising agility on the day previous, holding mysterious conference with ill-conditioned fellows of Gueldo's kidney.

Jake Smith was highly dissatisfied, and even the Judge was heard to utter some misgivings; however, by the time the proceedings had really commenced he gained confidence.

The Court was assembled, the jury had been chosen, and the witnesses were all present save one—Blake's widow.

Pretty soon there was a stir at the door; then a murmur of surprise ran through the crowded room.

"May I be d—d," said Jake Smith, audibly, "if she hasn't brought her baby!"  
What reason she may have had for not leaving the little thing in charge of some sympathizing woman—and there were plenty who would have been glad of the trust—was not apparent; however that might be, there it was clasped firmly in her arms, its bright red cheeks contrasting with her whiteness, and its father's sunny hair mingling with her dark locks.

With some difficulty way was made through the throng to her seat, which had been placed on one side of the Judge, directly opposite the candle-box on the other, where Antonio sat. She took her place and never moved during the whole of the trial, excepting as she was required

to testify, and once when the baby tugged at some glistening thing that lay hidden in the folds of her dress, at which she took pains to distract its attention with a chip from the floor.

As for the baby, it sat there with its big, blue eyes open to their fullest extent, entirely absorbed in the novel scene, save at the moment when that irresistible glitter caught its eye.

Every one being now present, the trial went on in good earnest. A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony showed that Gueldo had had trouble with Blake, and more than once threatened his life; that Gueldo's pistol was one charge short on the evening of the day of the murder, whereas in the morning it had been full; that he was seen that morning around Blake's house, and more than at that, Blake's widow had heard Gueldo's voice just before the fatal shot, and had seen his retreating form as he ran in.

At this last point the Galveston lawyer asked the witness a few questions regarding how she knew it was Gueldo, and how she had recognized the voice for his. She didn't know how exactly, but was none the less sure for that.

There had been a rumor about that some one had heard Antonio make a boast of having "done for Blake this time," but if there was a witness for this he could not be found now.

And so the prosecution closed.  
The Galveston lawyer began by involving in a whirlpool of hopeless contradiction, the witness who had sworn to having seen Gueldo near Blake's house. Then he expatiated on the ease with which one person may be mistaken for another, and brought a witness to show how Gueldo had already been said to resemble some one in the village. Finally, he produced three of the ill-conditioned fellows before referred to, who swore that Antonio was with them on a hunting expedition during the whole of the day on which the murder was committed.

It was a clear case of alibi. Jake Smith's astonishment at the ease with which the thing had been accomplished was unbounded. He threw a disgusted look towards Pitblado, but the Judge was nonplused, and didn't seem to be interested with things in Jake's vicinity.

There was a pause before Pitblado gave his charge, and when he rose his face was rather blank.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said he, "things has took a turn I didn't altogether expect." I don't know as there's much to be said. I s'pose yer've got to go by the evidence, an' that don't need any explainin' in. Ef you kin make out accordin' ter that, that Antonio Gueldo killed Jem Blake, why, just recollect that's what yer here for."

The jury filed out, and the expectant audience occupied itself with tobacco and whispered comments.

Jake Smith fidgeted about on his box, and cast anxious glances through the open door, towards the clump of poplars where the jury were deliberating.

Antonio talked and laughed in an undertone with his counsel, and Blake's widow sat staring at them with compressed lips, and a strong expression of determination coming into her face.

It wasn't long before the jury filed in again, all seating themselves but the spokesman, and Judge Pitblado rose, wiping his forehead with his shirt sleeve.

"Straightened it out, have yer?" asked he, nodding to the spokesman.  
"Wal, let's have it then."

"Yer see," said the spokesman, with a hesitating and disappointed air, "ef yer hadn't a corralled us with stickin' ter the evidence, we might a done better, but accordin' ter that, Antonio wasn't there when the murder was done, an' ef he didn't do it, why—then—of course he's—not guilty."

Pitblado didn't dare to look at anybody; he stared up at the rafters—down at the table—nowhere in particular; and then turned half way towards Antonio.

"You kin go," said he, speaking with great deliberation, "but I wouldn't stay round here too long."

There was a dead pause for a minute, and nobody moved.

Jake Smith exploded a single expressive word, which he had held for some time past, and Blake's widow stood up.

"Have you got through, Judge?" she asked.  
"Wal—I—s'pose so."

"And there's nothing more to be done?"  
"I'm afraid there ain't."

"And he's free to go?"  
"Y-a-a-s."

Antonio Gueldo rose with an insolent grin, and picked up his hat.  
The baby crowded, for it saw the glittering thing again.

## O'BRIAN'S WEDDING.

BY A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

The old woman was dead set agin Tim O'Brian havin' her darter Peggy. And berrin' I wasn't a friend of O'Brian, small blame till her. He'd not the other coat till his back, that he hadn't. And him and his father was like two peas about luck. Divil a cent could either kape in his pocket, for lindin' the loan of it till the ither; and they was too much the jentleman to ask for it back, either of 'em.

Not that I'd mention it for the warruld, being a friend of the family, but that's the gospel truth ef I was to be put on oath about it.

Well, but he was a good-looking gooson niverwithstandin', and a pair of eyes in his head that shone like jewels, and cheeks like roses, and a mouth just made for kissin', and didn't he do it though? Not a girl in the parish but knew the taste of his lips, more betoken he took the squireen's wife for Annie Key, and made her pay toll for crossin' the bridge at Ballybobbyboy, and but for the election times comin' on, the squire would have tarred and feathered him.

But with all his kissin' and flirtin', there wasn't a girl he loved as he did Peggy McNeel. And a jewel in a girl she was, and well she loved Tim, and aisy would it have been for him to get her, only for the old woman, as I tould ye before.

"And where would he take her to live, barrin' 'twas the poor house?" says she. "A decent girl like Peggy, used to havin' comforts about her—two pigs in the sty, and no count taken in the buttermilk she took till her praphties, and ivery saysonable luxury in life. There's Jim Brady wants her. And so yer married, it's all the same, a hundred years hence, who it was to."

That's the way old folks look at thim things, ye mind, and I'm not sayin' they're wrong; but I was a friend of the O'Brians, and I did my best to rickinle the old woman, but St. Patrick himself couldn't have done it. All she'd do was to smoke and listen, and listen and smoke, and when I'd said my say, nod her head like a Chinaman dartin', and say again:

"Tim O'Brian isn't the man for Peggy McNeel. I've niver brought her up to live without aitin', and that's what his wife'll have to do."

An onreasonable ould crayther she was, that same Widdy McNeel. Niverwithstandin', that Tim and Peggy got a talk wid aiche ither now and again, and was swatehearts all the same, and I, as a friend of the family, did the best for thim.

But, ye see, things couldn't go on so for ever. Tim was goin' wild to go to Ameriky, and go without Peggy he wouldn't; and Peggy, ye see, couldn't go wid him, barrin' she married, and there was nothin' for it but to get married unbeknownst.

"Yer a friend of the family," says Tim to me, sez he; "and we rely chafely upon ye."

"Depind upon me, ould boy," says I. And then we laid our heads together, and the first idee we got was that Peggy should go to the fair, and Tim mate her there, and the three of us go to the praste and get married. After that, the ring being in the ould woman would give in, for there'd be no help for it.

But Widdy McNeel was sharper than we thought. Not a step would she let Peggy put fut to, barrin' she was wid her. To the fair she went to sell a pig and buy flax. And more betoken that she wouldn't lose her in the crowd, she jist tacked Peggy's gown to her own wid a stitch or two, and there was no gettin' at her.

And there was Tim and me followin' on at a safe distance, and Peggy wid her gown tacked to her mother's, trotting on behind, tears rolling down her cheeks, and heart broke wid disappointin', and strangers grinnin' at the two as if they were shows. And more betoken, Father Carty, takin' no heed and shrivin' to get betwixt 'em and gettin' a fall that broke the head of him, and brought the two wimmin down in a heap jist as the squire's mad bull, that he'd sent to be sold—had luck to the baste!—escaped from the place he was in, and sent the crowd that way.

Och! the widdy was kilin' intirely, and so was Peggy; but niverwithstandin', when they got to their feet, the first word the widdy said was:

"Praise to glory, the tacks didn't break!"

And home she marched, wid Peggy behind her, like a blind man and his dog.  
"Yer a friend of the family, and that's your only excuse," says the ould woman to me next day. "I knowed the trick ye'd have put on me fair day. I knowed it well, and if I hadn't tacked the gowns together with wax ends from Pat the cobler's, heaven alone knows the ind of it."

Oh, she was a sharp ould woman, that same Widdy McNeel.

"Carry her off, my boy!" says old O'Brian.  
But Peggy wouldn't be carried off. And so for doin' it, we'd have had to take the ould woman too—for by day she was like Peggy's shadow and ivery night, findin' how successful the stitching had been to the day of the fair, she sewed the girl tight to her flaming petticoat—savin' yer priseness.

The brains in me was addled as year—ould eggs, strivin' to manage the match betwixt the poor craythers that was jist dyin' in love for aiche ither. As for Father Mahone, twasn't him would have done aught to thwart the Widdy McNeel. Wasn't it herself providin' him wid chickens, to say nothin' iver butter and eggs? and didn't she knit him stockings and make him shirts?

But I had a brother iv me own, that came so by way of being my father's first wife's son by a previous marriage—the man she married adopted him afore they iver met, ye mind—that was a clergyman himself jist. And blood is thicker than water, and he'd do a kind thing for me any day; and I want to him, and he promised to make thim fast whaniver there was opportunity.

"Git them away," say he, "and give me ten minutes and it's done."

But gittin' away was the hard iv it; and what to I did I know, until it flashed upon me like lightning way day.

Over I goes to the widdy, and winkin' at Peggy to let her know what I was at, I says to the ould woman:  
"Ye know I am a friend to the O'Brians."

"I know that same," says she.  
"Well," says I, "it's for that rasin I'm come to the conclusion that yer right about him and Peggy. What's the use in a fine fellow like that pinin' and frettin' for a girl whin there's many a wan better and purtier to be had for the askin'?" No offense to ye, Widdy McNeel. And what I say is jist rid the two of the thoughts iv aiche ither."

"I'll take the fairy docther to do that," says the widdy. "Peggy is bewitched."  
"It's wrong in ye, Peggy," says I. "Obadiance to parents is the first to be kept. Let me look in your pryer-book, and I'll mark the places yer'll find it in."

"Do that," says the widdy, and she'll come to rasin, I warrant ye."  
"I will," says I. "And more betoken, Tim O'Brian goes to Ameriky to-morrow; so what's the use of carin'?"

"Glory to St. Patrick," says the widdy, "afore my flannin' is wore out wid the pull iv her!"

There was Peggy tacked tight still like a Siamese twin.  
The widdy got me the book, and I took a pencil and turned the pages over, and every here and there I wrote a word. And this was what it come to:

"Peggy, darlint, don't despair. Tim is goin' to Ameriky, but you are goin' wid him. Be alongside the garden windy at eight to night, and there'll be a thing happen you didn't expect. Close beside the windy, honey, whatever come, and I'll wagger me life there'll be a happy ending."

And this I give the book to her; the ould woman couldn't read, so I was safe there.

The moon didn't rise that night until nine, and all was dark as Egypt when Tim and me brother, the clergyman, went into Widdy McNeel's garden. The windy was open into the kitchen, and I looked in, there sat the widdy and Peggy tacked together—the widdy close until the fire as she could get, and Peggy sayin':

"Och, mother," says she, "it's roastin' I am: untack me, do, and let me cool off a bit in the garden."

"Niver a stitch," says the widdy, "until Tim O'Brian is out iv the country."

"Then come to the windy, mother dear," says Peggy.  
"And get rheumatics?" said the widdy. "Me brain is goin'," says Peggy; and then she began pullin' at her hair. "I'm mad," says she. "Ef I don't cool off a bit, there's no knowin' what I'll do."

"Holy angels!" says the widdy; "be aisy, colleen. We'll go to the windy."

And over she came. The light was bright inside, and it was dark out. We could see and they couldn't. I put me hand in and nipped Peggy's arm. She put her head out.

"Peggy, darlint," says I, "jist listen and answer, and yer'll be married in ten minutes. Here's me brother, the clergyman, and here's Tim, and here's me to see fair play."

"Thurs for ye!" says me brother. "I'm Father William, and I'm ready to make ye man, niverwithstandin' all the ould women in creation."

"Whist!" says I, "she'll hear ye."

"Peggy!" says the widdy.  
"The ould air aises me wonderful," says Peggy.  
"My soul, but I hope it!" says the widdy.

"Tim," says Father William, without—"Tim, boy, do ye take this colleen to be yer wedded wife?"

"Yis," says Tim—"yis, yer reverence."

"Peggy," says Father William, "do ye take this broth iv a boy to be yer wedded husband?"

"I do, yer reverence," says Peggy.  
"What's that yer're sayin'?" says the widdy.

"The wedding service runs in me head, mother," says Peggy. "That's what I'd have said to Tim at the altar."

"Ah, glory parted ye!" says the widdy. "Cool yer head again a bit, darlint."

Out comes Peggy's head, and Tim was goin' over his part; and then the father put in to Peggy.  
"To love, honour, and obey; to have and to hold," says Peggy, "until death do us part. Ah, sure I do! And, och, yer reverence, to that I plight me troth!"

## The Ultra Style of Hotel Clerk.

The hotel clerk is a young man who was originally created to fill an emperor's throne or adorn a dukedom, but when he grew up, there being fewer thrones and dukes than there were emperors and dukes, he was temporarily forced to take a position behind a hotel register. His chief characteristics are dignity of bearing, radiant gorgeness of apparel, haughtiness of manner, and jewelry. His principal duties consist in hammering on the call-bell, in handing guests the wrong keys to their rooms, and on keeping a supply of tooth-picks on the end of the desk. When all his time is not taken up in the performance of these arduous duties, he will condescend to explain to a guest that he does not know whether the north-bound train leaves at 3 P. M. or not, and if the guest insists on entering further information out of him, he will probably hand him a last year's official railroad time table.

When a stranger comes in on a late train, jams his valise down on the counter, and approaches the register, the hotel clerk, in a preoccupied and austere manner, turns the register and hands the stranger a pen—a pen that has an impediment in its legs, catches in the paper, and splutters fragments of the guest's name all over yesterday's "arrivals." The clerk, after turning around the register and examining the signature to see if it is genuine, expresses a doubt as to there being a vacant room in the house. The stranger says he is bound to have a room. The clerk retires back of the desk, and after consulting pigeon holes, concludes that the gentleman may have No. 1,192. He writes some hieroglyphics on the register, and then he talks for half an hour with the porter and the baggage man about the trunk of the gentleman in No. 46, having got mixed up with the baggage belonging to the gentleman in No. 64. When he gets that matter arranged he sits down to polish and admire the long nail that he is cultivating on his little finger, and forgets the gentleman who has rented No. 1,192 until he is made aware of his existence by an impatient tap on the counter. With the air of a martyr, and a sigh, he said:

"Ah! Would you like to go to your room?"  
Then John shows the gentleman to No. 1,192.

No matter how crowded a hotel is, the hotel clerk always finds one room left for the late arrival. When the letter kicks about it, when he is leaving next day, because it was on the fifth floor, and was furnished with nothing but a bed, a bar of soap, and a crack in the ceiling, the clerk tells him that if he had only been staying another day, he could have had an excellent room, in fact the best room in the house, which would be vacated after breakfast by a gentleman who was leaving on the noon train. To our certain knowledge the gentleman has been leaving that excellent—"best room in the house," every to-morrow for the last twenty years.

—Texas Siftings.

## Clever Artifice Resorted to by Parisian Thieves.

For the invention of ingenious and amusing wickedness, there is no people on earth who can approach the Parisians. Here is a little story which Lucy Hooper sends from the French capital: Really, Parisian thieves are adroit creatures and full of invention. The other day the police arrested a precious trio who had been making a comfortable living for some months past out of the large dry goods stores of Paris in the following fashion: The party included an elderly, well-dressed man, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor at his buttonhole, a middle aged lady and a young one, the last two being irreproachable as to manners and toilette. The modus operandi adopted by the trio was as follows: They would go to one of the large, crowded shops, and on entering, the gentleman would take the principal superintendent aside, and would say to him confidentially: "Be so kind as to have a special watch kept over my wife. She is a kleptomaniac, and if she purloins anything say nothing about it, but just charge the articles and I will pay the bill." This arrangement fixed the eyes of all the watchers on the elderly woman, who would help herself from time to time to some inexpensive trifle, while the actions of the younger one passed unnoticed. That cunning damsel would secure about her person remnants of costly lace, handsome fans, packets of gloves and other objects, getting off with her booty unsuspected. Grown careless by success, she was seen in the act of pocketing a piece of valuable lace the other day. The whole party was arrested, and their neat little plan of action was exposed.

## A French Detective.

We walked out together, and in the course of conversation we touched upon the way in which some persons can so disguise themselves as to hide their individuality from their most intimate friends. I expressed myself as being doubtful whether this could be really done, provided the parties to be deceived were on the look-out for such deception. My companion differed from me, and offered to disguise himself so effectually that he would in the course of the next twenty-four hours speak to me for at least ten minutes without arousing my suspicions. I accepted the challenge, and staked the price of a dejeuner at any cafe he would like to name. He agreed, and the very same day won the bet in the following manner: Shortly after leaving the detective I met an old friend, who asked me to dine with him at Versailles that evening. I agreed to do so, but could not leave Paris so early as my friend intended to do, and therefore told him I should go down by the 5:30 train from the Gare St. Lazare. I did so, and as I got into a first-class carriage I remarked a short, gentlemanly-looking man, with white hair, who followed me into the same compartment. Frenchman like, he began to talk about things in general, and we chatted, more or less, all the way to Versailles. When within ten minutes or so of our destination, my new friend quickly took off his hat, pulled off a wig, got rid of a mustache, and to my utter amazement at revealed before me as my friend the detective. How he had

managed to find out that I was going to Versailles—which I had no idea of myself when I left him—or how he had so effectually concealed his appearance that I, sitting within three feet of him, had no idea he was the man I had left some four hours previously, are problems which I cannot solve. The detective himself only laughed when I asked him how he had contrived it. He was evidently greatly flattered at the amazement I displayed, but beyond showing me with some pride his wig and mustache, he was very reticent and would enter into no details. That he had fairly won the breakfast there could be no doubt, but he said he would rather put off the event until he could see his way as to whether or not he should be able to recover a part or the whole of the property which my friend had lost. We then parted, he taking the train back to Paris, I going to the house where I was going to dine.

—MacMillan's















(Continued from first page.)

he is constantly fighting his will for fear that he will be convinced.

The story is only half told when we stop at the fleece; the Shropshires produce lambs, and more than that, they have milk enough for not only one, but very frequently two and occasionally three. Is it because Mr. Subscriber is afraid that the profits might turn the other way that he fails to say anything about the production of lambs? Subscriber says that he has given the fine wools just the same care as the others, or in other words, the sheep of both breeds have been kept the same from year to year for the last five years. I ask the breeders of Michigan to say whether it has been possible for them, during the variable seasons that they have experienced for the last five years, to keep their flocks as Subscriber has his. My sole object in writing this and all my previous letters is not for the sake of writing, but for the purpose of giving the readers of the FARMER a few statements that my experience has proven to be facts, and I am much interested in the writings of nearly all who give their thoughts and experiences for the benefit of our readers. But I must confess that I like a fact when it is told in full much better than when the writer tells half. I do not believe in the principle of saying things derogatory and misleading and half telling the truth about one breed of sheep for the purpose of increasing the demand for another. As you, Mr. Editor, have said in one of your editions, there is room enough for all. There fore, let us as breeders tell the truth, the whole truth, and don't, because we happen to have our money invested in some one breed, try to kill our neighbors' business because he is breeding something different.

Because Subscriber happened to get something that he called middle wool grade that did not suit him, he is entirely mistaken when he concludes that there will be no future demand for thoroughbred Shropshire Down sheep in Washtenaw County. The Shropshire sheep are in greater demand to-day for exportation to this country, in England, than any other English breed. This is because experience has taught breeders, dealers and consumers that both the pure bred Shropshire and their crosses upon other breeds, as well as the product of a cross upon so-called native or Mexican sheep, possess merit in a large degree. And wherever mutton and wool combined are wanted, they will always take a high rank and stand second to none. The Shropshire Down, as Mr. Wood intimates, is not the light shearer, in my experience, that he represents him. He seems to have a special liking for the Southdown, whose fleece is generally admitted to be light in weight, but nevertheless of a good quality. It is a well known fact to breeders that a ewe that produces twins and nurses them, will not shear so much as a sheep producing one lamb. It also makes a difference of from one to two pounds of wool whether the lambs are dropped in February or May. All these and many others have an influence upon the weight of the fleece.

The Shropshire breeder usually has his lambs dropped in February or March, so that his lambs will be developed sufficient to sell for stock getting purposes the next fall, and as he rarely has, on account of the great demand for his stock, any left over to shear as yearlings, his flock consists nearly all of breeding ewes at shearing time that are suckling a large portion of their twin lambs; which places his flock in a shearing capacity very different from that of his neighbor, whose flock consists of ten to twenty per cent. of one and two year old rams, and half of the balance dry ewes and wethers. But I repeat, the Shropshire is not a lighter shearer of wool, and when I say wool I mean scoured wool, after all oil, gum and other foreign substance has been removed; (please remember that all wool has to be scoured before it can be manufactured).

My breeding ewes in 1879 dropped their lambs in March, and raised without foster mothers or the aid of cows' milk 160 per cent. of lambs and sheared of brook washed wool 7 lbs. 1 oz. per head. In 1880 my ewes produced 166 per cent. of lambs and sheared 7 lbs. 5 oz. of brook washed wool. In 1881 my ewes dropped 201 per cent. of lambs and raised 172 per cent. of them, (several were lost by accident), and sheared 6 lbs. 9 oz. In 1880 my one year old ewes that did not breed were sheared and washed and the wool was cleaned with boiling hot soap suds, rinsed in cold water and put twice through a clothes wringer and thoroughly dried, (in fact was nearly scoured wool). The average after the cleansing was 9 lbs. 2 oz. of wool. My ducks sheared and treated the same at 11 months 18 days growth, 11 lbs. 4 oz. These figures may seem small to a fine wool breeder, but treat some of their heavy fleeces in the same way and let us see how much they will weigh. Or put twin lambs on some of their ewes in March and give us the weight of fleece in May. On account of the great demand for Shropshire sheep that has sprung up in the last few years, many Hampshire Down and grades of the other Down breeds have been brought into the States from Canada and some from England, and it is not impossible that some of the correspondents of the FARMER have been taken in by them, and thereby come to the conclusion that they have a thorough knowledge of the Down breeds of sheep. Others, perhaps, whose ancestors were from England and bred Cotswolds or Leicesters, have come to the conclusion that no other English or Scotch breed, are worthy of notice. Others have been and conversed with an Englishman that was well informed who said that no other cross was considered par excellence in the London market but a Southdown crossed upon a coarse wool ewe. But taking all these statements as true as far as it goes, the high price that importers have to pay for pure bred Shropshire Down over there, shows that the Americanized Englishman has not been to England very lately, and Lows' History of Domestic Animals will have to be revised in order to give the facts of the present time. The Shropshire Down, a few of them have already come and more

are coming, and they are coming to stay, and what is more, the demand very much exceeds the supply. The large breeders beyond the Missouri want them to improve their flocks, and the small breeders of Michigan want them to cross on and breed something that they can sell to eastern buyers and thereby put money in their own pockets. So let 'em come.

DOC. S. MEAD.

## Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of the FARMER. Information will be given to send their full names and addresses to the office of the FARMER. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order to correct errors in the past, the following information is given: A case of a horse, named "Chestnut," was described, how long standing, what treatment with color and age of animal, and what treatment was resorted to. Private address, 20 First Street Detroit.

### No Diagnosis.

We have received a postal card which reads as follows: "Have a chestnut gelding nine years old, always kept up and at constant work; feed corn, hay and straw; has been troubled more or less for two years with stricture of water; may have been strained across the loin; have done little for it. What treatment would you advise?"

SUSCRIPTION.

Answer—It seems to us that you imagine we can see through a millstone. If you have no more interest in your gelding than to give us such an unintelligible description of the symptoms present in your horse, we would advise you to secure the services of the nearest veterinary surgeon, who can make a careful examination of the animal for himself and diagnose the disease correctly. If stricture is present, which we doubt, the services of a professional veterinary surgeon would be called for. We are always ready and willing to give our subscribers advice when they give us the symptoms carefully observed, so that we may form some idea of the true nature of the disease. It is impossible for us to diagnose disease, however simple it may be, where we have no land marks to govern us. If you will give us the symptoms in your horse so that we can understand them, we will try and give the information desired.

### Probably Asphyxia.

ECKFORD, March 12, 1932.

Veterinary Editor—The Durham bull Gen. Custer 34, recently purchased at the Geddes sale by Mr. J. L. Harris, died very suddenly and unaccountably this morning. He was apparently in perfect health the night before, ate his usual feed clean and was bright and active. The next morning Mr. Harris, hearing an unusual noise from his stable, went in and found the bull with his head down, tongue out, breath short, with a grunt or noise at each breath, and a frothy, bloody discharge of mucus running out of his mouth and nose, continuing until he died, which was within less than fifteen minutes after he was found to be sick, though he might have been taken some time in the night. On opening him the lungs seemed congested and filled with the same mucus, but everything else seemed to be natural. Now, what ailed him?

A. S. WATKINS.

Answer—The question, "What ailed the bull?" is a poser. The autopsy as described does not justify us in venturing an opinion. The examination should have been made by an expert, or at least by one who had some knowledge of the physiological condition of the parts involved and the pathological changes taking place in the lungs and connecting membranes. The congested condition of the lungs may have been, and probably was, the result of asphyxia.

### The Castrating Ecraseur.

CHILMARK, March 16, 1932.

Veterinary Editor—Michigan Farmer: I have castrated horses in this State and other for the past twenty-four years, commenced when I was but 18 years old. I have always used the craseur. I thought of writing to you one year ago for one, but was a little afraid they might bleed, especially on a cold one. Now, sir, I am young enough to be safe to handle a horse of bleeding or any other danger, I want one, and a good one. What I know of you I learned through the MICHIGAN FARMER. Will you give me your prices, etc. In 1878 I was called to Detroit and castrated a large horse for I. N. Swaine.

A. H. H.

Answer—We have before us one postal card, and three letters of inquiry regarding the castrating craseur, and as the writers all seek the same information, our reply will serve as an answer to all. The advantages of this operation over all others are: 1st. It is safer, better, less painful, and more scientific than any other known. 2d. The wound heals quickly, seldom requiring more than two weeks, and the animal, if broken to harness, can be driven the following day. 3d. The operation is less troublesome to the skillful operator, as well as to the owner of the animal, as the colt is done with as soon as let up; no after treatment being required as in other operations, such as removing the clamps, opening the scrotum, etc. 4th. Usually, little or no swelling takes place, the animal being scarcely affected in any way by the operation, except that for which it was intended. 5th. There is no more hemorrhage than by any other operation; the older animals suffer no more than the young ones, which is not the case with any other operation now known. An experience of thirty years in the use of the craseur justifies the above assertions, and for more than twenty years we have refused to perform the operation in any other way. We can furnish reliable instruments at the following prices for cash: \$18, \$20, \$25 and \$30. The latter is the instrument we use. There are many inferior instruments at low prices, which are a good imitation but can not be used without the risk of dangerous hemorrhage. Every instrument passing through our hands receives our personal inspection, and if in the least defective is returned to the manufacturer.

Send name and address to Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for cook book free.

## CITY ITEMS.

The roads in the vicinity of Detroit are in a horrible condition, and farmers experience great difficulty in coming into the city.

Three hundred immigrants passed through Detroit on their way westward one day last week, the advance of the grand army that will follow them this season.

The Grand Rapids Business College is the only real business man's school in the North-west. Everything is made thoroughly practical, which accounts for its reputation and popular success.

By the way, when all the gamblers are being stirred up by the police, what about Burk's Commercial Advertiser lottery scheme? It is run on the principle of the more you put down the less you take up.

The final case of the government against a number of tobaccoists for stealing tobacco out of the bonded warehouse in this city, in which Simpson turned State evidence and gave away his partners, came up in Chicago last week, when the Sutter Bros. compromised their share of the case by paying \$7,000 in cash.

The old fight between the Detroit and Jackson trotting associations is to be renewed this season, and a part of the Detroit men propose to take the dates given Jackson and thus avoid a tussle with Cleveland, who will hold a meeting the same week as now set down for Detroit. Capt. Owen has been trying to smooth things over between the two associations, but he has not met with much success. A meeting is to be held in Detroit this week to settle the matter.

The Tri-State trotting circuit has completed its schedule of dates, and they are as follows: The circuit will open at Cincinnati May 9 to 13, purses, \$11,300; Mayville May 16 to 19, purses, \$7,400; Columbus, May 23 to 26, purses, \$9,100; Toledo, May 30 to June 2, purses, \$9,300; Detroit, June 6 to 9, purses, \$7,000; Jackson, June 13 to 16, purses, \$8,750; East Saginaw, June 20 to 23, purses, \$6,300; Iowa, July 4 to 7, purses, \$4,950. In most of the racing races Little Brown Jug is barred. A special purse for running will be offered in Detroit, but the conditions have not yet been agreed upon.

The Common Council has passed an ordinance against gambling of every description. One section of it reads: "No person shall keep, carry on or maintain, or aid in keeping, carrying on or maintaining any lottery, policy, pool, bucket-shop, board of trade, or any like scheme or place for drawing or disposing of money, wether or other property within the city." That part of it relating to the Board of Trade will be a dead letter, as it would be pretty hard to draw the line as to where legitimate business stops and gambling begins. But all the same there are about 92 bushes of futures sold last year on the Detroit Board of Trade for every eight bushels of wheat. Of course, as Mr. J. H. Wendell said in a lengthy interview with a morning paper reporter, this is a "strictly legitimate business," the eight bushels of wheat in a hundred making it so.

Last week the suit of the Detroit Savings Bank against Walter H. Coots and H. P. Bridge, bondsmen of Herman Ziegler, the defaulting teller of the bank, came to an end in the Superior Court. It seems that when Ziegler brothers defaulted for \$30,000 in January, 1931, Sidney D. Miller and Messrs. Coots and Bridge were on Herman Ziegler's bond for \$5,000. Mr. Miller, who is director of the bank, settled by paying one-third of the bond. Messrs. Bridge and Coots refused to settle, and contested the matter in court on two grounds, legal and moral. The legal ground was that defendants were on Ziegler's bond as receiving teller of the savings department of the bank, and that all the money stolen was from the commercial department. The moral ground was based on the fact that Herman began stealing when he first went into the bank, in 1917; that his defaulting kept on from month to month during a period of 10 years; and that the officers of the bank showed criminal negligence. Mr. Bridge signed his bond in 1917. The largest part of the default had taken place before that time. If the officers of the bank had exercised proper care he would never have been asked to go on the bond. Under instructions from Judge Chipman the jury rendered a verdict for defendants.

GOATS AS GUARDS FOR SHEEP.—The farmers of Hunterdon and Somerset counties, New Jersey, use goats to protect their sheep from dogs. Two goats can drive away a dozen dogs, and two are about all each farmer puts in with his sheep. As soon as a dog enters the field at night the goats attack him, and their butting propensities are too much for the canine, who soon finds himself rolling over and over. A few repetitions of this treatment cause the dog to quit the field, limping and yelling. Formerly, when a dog entered a sheep field at night the sheep would run wildly around and cry piteously. Since the goats have been used to guard them, they form a line behind the goats and seem to enjoy the fun. The idea of utilizing goats in this way came from the west, where they are put in sheep pens to drive away wolves.

THE query of Turf, Field and Farm, "Does a minister of the Gospel lose caste by straddling a bicycle?" has come under the gaze of the funny man of the Philadelphia News. He says he "saw one astride a bicycle last summer, and he did not lose caste, but he lost his balance and the skin of his nose."

A CARD.—During the next six months there will be a large number of people out of employment on account of the drought; in some parts of the country there is a great deal of suffering. There are plenty of men and women in this country, who, if some friend would put them in the way of earning two or three hundred dollars during the winter months, would be grateful for a life time. A large Manufacturing Company in New York are now prepared to start persons of either sex in a new business. The business is honorable and legitimate (no peddling or book canvassing), \$50 per month and expenses paid. So, if you are out of employment, send your name and address once to the Wallace Co., 90 Warren St., New York.

The Household and Farm in its issue of October says: "The offer made by this company (who are one of the most reliable in this city) is the best ever made to the unemployed."

The Wallace Co. make a special offer to readers of this paper who will write them at once, and who can give good references.

The ladies who sometime since were unable to go out, having taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are quite recovered, and have gone on their way rejoicing.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the Burlington route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

## COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

Tuesday, March 21, 1932.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 4,440 bbls.; shipments, 2,717 bbls. The local market was fairly the opening of navigation has materially strengthened the flour market, and some grades show an advance. The demand is largely for white wheat brands, and they are quite strong. Quotations are as follows:

White wheat, roller process..... \$7.00 6 25  
Patent white city mills..... 6.00 6 25  
Choice white wheat (country)..... 6.00 6 25  
Seconds..... 5.75 6 00  
Minnesota patent..... 5.75 6 00  
Rye..... 5.00 5 00  
Wheat.—Receipts of wheat for the week have been 26,750 bu. against 9,700 bu. the previous week. Shipments, 189,381 bu. There is a decided improvement noted in the wheat market, arising from short stocks and the stronger tone of the foreign markets. All domestic markets are higher, and yesterday the New York market appeared to be under control of the "bull" element for the time being. Chicago, however, reported a dull dragging market although prices were higher on both cash wheat and futures than Saturday. The local market does not appear active, with prices higher and closing at the best of the day. Dealers are very cautious, however, fearing a reaction. At the close yesterday No. 1 white sold at \$1.30 3/4; No. 2, \$1.30 1/4; No. 3, \$1.30 1/4; No. 4, \$1.30 1/4; No. 5, \$1.30 1/4; No. 6, \$1.30 1/4; No. 7, \$1.30 1/4; No. 8, \$1.30 1/4; No. 9, \$1.30 1/4; No. 10, \$1.30 1/4; No. 11, \$1.30 1/4; No. 12, \$1.30 1/4; No. 13, \$1.30 1/4; No. 14, \$1.30 1/4; No. 15, \$1.30 1/4; No. 16, \$1.30 1/4; No. 17, \$1.30 1/4; No. 18, \$1.30 1/4; No. 19, \$1.30 1/4; No. 20, \$1.30 1/4; No. 21, \$1.30 1/4; No. 22, \$1.30 1/4; No. 23, \$1.30 1/4; No. 24, \$1.30 1/4; No. 25, \$1.30 1/4; No. 26, \$1.30 1/4; No. 27, \$1.30 1/4; No. 28, \$1.30 1/4; No. 29, \$1.30 1/4; No. 30, \$1.30 1/4; No. 31, \$1.30 1/4; No. 32, \$1.30 1/4; No. 33, \$1.30 1/4; No. 34, \$1.30 1/4; No. 35, \$1.30 1/4; No. 36, \$1.30 1/4; No. 37, \$1.30 1/4; No. 38, \$1.30 1/4; No. 39, \$1.30 1/4; No. 40, \$1.30 1/4; No. 41, \$1.30 1/4; No. 42, \$1.30 1/4; No. 43, \$1.30 1/4; No. 44, \$1.30 1/4; No. 45, \$1.30 1/4; No. 46, \$1.30 1/4; No. 47, \$1.30 1/4; No. 48, \$1.30 1/4; No. 49, \$1.30 1/4; 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